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ALL-IN-ALL!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

From the first beam of rosy day
Till dusky shades of evening fall,
My thoughts to thee are turned away,
For thou to me art all-in-all!
Never one moment passes by
Wherein thy voice I do not hear,
For even if thou art not nigh,
In spirit thou art near!

Whithersoe'er mine eyes may rove,
Thy face I never fail to see;
In flow'rs on earth, in stars above,
For thou art all-in-all to me!
The brooks and birds that softly sing
Thine accents in their song repeat,
And peace and consolation bring
When thou art far, my sweet!

IN THE SHADOWS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HONORA DIVORCE," "SIN AND SINNERS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE been told that Imagination is a beautiful thing, but Truth is a more beautiful. If you would write, then write from your heart; tear the impressions you receive warm and palpitating from your breast, and thus with the stamp of absolute truth upon them, they will find a response in all other human hearts. However dull your life may be, what you feel others have felt, and when they read of your hopes, loves and fears, they will say: this is what I have hoped and feared; this love has fluttered its warm white wings over my soul, this hate has darkened it.

A great man once exclaimed, "Oh, what a solitude is every human soul!" We are all solitary prisoners, and the instinct of every human creature is gregarious. If then one prisoner can reach forth a sympathizing hand from his cell and clasp that of another, saying, "Be not afraid, what you suffer I am suffering," what comfort may he not bestow.

I have no power to break the bonds of my own separate cell; a dreadful wall of reserve holds me back. The gregarious instinct is strong in me; I want to herd with my kind, but the chains that bind me are too strong. I tried to write a diary once. By this means I thought I would pick the lock of my prison house and escape. I said I would write all that I felt without reserve in letters to an imaginary friend, but I never did. Habit was too strong, and there is no such strong habit as that of reserve, so I failed utterly in my endeavor at self-expression; even alone with myself I could not be mentally "naked and unashamed."

I hurried on the cloak of secrecy and hypocrisy; so I am not going to tell you anything about myself. Once I peeped into the prison cell of another human soul—the beautiful, passionate, suffering soul of another woman. I will tell you what I knew about her.

Her body fitted her soul as its skin fits the peach. She had a beautiful, tall, straight, supple body, white of skin and golden of hair. She was full of life and of the joy of living—passionate, warm hearted and young. Self-centred as only such keenly pulsing young creatures can be, but lovable.

She hated all taint of suffering, disease or death, with an intense horror born of her own strong vitality and love of life and sunshine, and we all loved her so dearly that such taint was kept further from her than it is from most of us. Her mother had died before she could remember.

One day, I found her weeping passionately. She had found an old letter in a desk belonging to the little young mother she had never known. It was a simple, almost childish letter, prim with the primness of the age in which it was written, and it certainly bore no marks of tears till Margaret's fell on the yellowed sheets and blistered them so. It ran:

"DEAR WILL.—How kind of you to send me the dear little riding whip. What made you know that I should like it better than anything else? Aunt Mary says it is long since you have been to see us. I shall be glad when you come to ride with me again. I am glad you have not quite forgotten Oldfield. The mare looks so well, and Nancy has four puppies, such dear soft little things; I shan't name them till you come back. I am sending you a little purse I have knitted for you. There are no little shiny beads on it, like the one I made for uncle, and you laughed at so. You are such a careless boy with your money that I hope you will use it.

"Your sincere friend,
"MARGARET ALLEN."

The little purse was crumpled up in Margaret's hand, and she was sobbing bitterly.

"She lived such a sweet pure harmless life," she said. "She loved riding, just as I love it, and her country home and her doggies, and just when life was dearest to her she had to die. She was so sweet and good and this letter seems alive and she is dead. She died when she was young and pretty, and the earth is all over and round her in the churchyard there, and we go on living and laughing just as she did and never care. Oh, life is cruel, and death—death is hideous." She clung close to me and shuddered.

The next day I found her heaping flowers on her mother's grave.

Her own vitality was so strong that to associate the idea of death or decay with her seemed impossible; she was

"Filled full of life to the lips and hair,
As a rose is full filled to the rose leaf tips,
With splendid summer and perfume and pride."

Yet we knew that the little mother had died of consumption, and that the fatal seeds of it in Margaret lent that exquisite fairness and purity to her skin, and rubbed beneath her eyes the faint blue shadows that made them look so large and dark. But the life in her was wonderfully strong and her muscular power was abnormal. We who loved her deplored the reckless way in which she spent her strength.

She rode every horse in the stable and would often be riding one young thoroughbred after another, all day long. She had "a wonderful way with them" rosna, the groom said. She loved power and everything that called forth the exercise of patience, skill and reserved strength. If there was any contest she enjoyed it, and the fiercer the better; she had indomitable pride and would not be beaten. She loved swimming and would spend hours in the water, the rougher the waves the better she liked it. Once she was nearly drowned, and I, who was really alarmed, scolded her roundly, as one does the creature one has just recovered from self-imposed danger, when an instant before perhaps one has been bewailing some harsh word once spoken. She came to my knee and laid her soft cold cheek against mine.

"Don't scold me, Nina," she said in her childish way. "I won't be naughty and frighten you again. You are a stupid old thing and ought not to be frightened."

She never meant to, but of course she did, over and over again. Her father never cared; he was always away, at every race meeting; but though he neglected her, he at least never brought the men he associated with down to Elverston.

So she grew into womanhood, a beautiful wild savage, with a heart as deep as the sea she loved and which seemed to lend her of its strength and purity.

I never saw her when love first came to that virginal heart, for I too went away and did not see her again till much later.

I knew when he had come to Elverston, for her letters, which, sometimes long, sometimes short, had always in them a great deal of her own strong individuality, almost ceased.

At last I had a letter, which was full of a fierce happiness.

"It is far better to love than to be loved," she wrote. "You have all loved me all my life, and my selfish heart has accepted it, grateful, but no more. Once yet I thought I loved before Stephen came, now I know that I didn't, that I only breathed and moved. You always used to say I was so alive. You should see me now that I am really awake. I believe I should frighten you, dear old Nina—sometimes I frighten myself. I am all electricity, and my hair shines like fire. My heart throbs, even when I am all alone, and my pulses tingle. Often I sicken and faint for the intensity of the feeling that is in me. I am a passionate, sentient, human woman, not an inert food and drink imbibing mass of clay."

Partly from her letters, partly from what they and she herself told me long after, I came to understand all her story; my knowledge of her helping me to piece it together where it was disjointed.

She was galloping against the rain on a young thoroughbred when she first met him, a man's cap pulled over her hair, which curled more crisply as the rain shone on it, a dun-colored cloud and sheets of water, all blown asiant, behind her.

He seemed to spring out of the shadows, and the chestnut swerved violently. Stephen Bruton was never the man to miss an opportunity, and, though it wasn't in the least necessary, he sprang to the horse's head.

"What do you want?" said Margaret haughtily.

"What I chiefly wanted at that moment," he retorted manlike, putting her in the wrong, "was to be of assistance to yourself, since it seemed to be my fault that your horse took fright," and so speaking he looked straight into her deep eyes.

She looked down at him as he stood by her horse's head, and as she looked her eyes fell to the hand that lay on the chestnut's mane so boldly. She remembered afterwards, though she did not think she noticed it at the time, how firm, shapely and brown that hand was, with what oval well-kept nails—a hand to govern a horse, or to caress a woman. He did not withdraw his keen eyes from her down-cast ones and went on:

"Perhaps you can tell me where, in this benighted West Country place, I can find a house called Gannet's Nest, the abode of one Will Delataste?"

It was never with any great amount of respect that his so-styled friends spoke of William Delataste—tout, horse-trainer, bookmaker; heaven knows what.

Margaret may have noticed this. She raised her eyes and fixed them resolutely and defiantly on his.

"I am his daughter," she said.

"Ah, well, then, you can best inform me."

"If you go straight on till the sea stops you, you will find Gannet's Nest; but Mr. Delataste is not at home."

The pride of her tone and manner struck Bruton as contrasting curiously with that of old Will Delataste—jester and sponge. His mind was made up in an instant.

"I shall stop at the inn, then, till he returns. I suppose there is an inn here, and that he will return some time."

The indifference as to the time of Mr. Delataste's return might have struck any one as odd in a man who had presumably come all the way down to Somerset to see him.

"You have passed the inn; it is in the village street; turn back and you will find it. Any one will show you." She struck her heel into the chestnut and was gone.

"Curse it, how it rains!" said Stephen savagely.

He called in due form the next day, but Margaret was not at home, and the servants professed ignorance of their master's whereabouts, or even when he might be expected at Gannet's Nest. Often, they said, he would be absent for months, and then return without any notice given. Stephen thanked them, with that easy courtesy to inferiors which always made them pronounce him a "real gentleman."

He strolled along by the rushing brown stream that tumbled down in a hurry from the moors, and soon came upon her. She was playing a trout with consummate skill, and he stood, with a sense of artistic appreciation, to watch her, then seized the landing net at the right moment.

"What a beauty," he said, as he laid it beside its speckled fellows in her basket. "You seem a good sportswoman. You would hardly be your father's daughter if you were not."

"I am fond of power," she said. "I wish I were a man."

He laughed.

"An odd reason truly for wishing to be a man. Don't you know, then, yet the power of a woman?"

She did not then. God bless her, she was as innocent as she was beautiful. She learned what he meant by and-by. Just then she looked a little puzzled.

"I get tired sometimes," she explained. "I can't swim as far as a man could, nor walk. You could beat me at most things, I suppose," measuring his splendid proportions with an envious eye.

He laughed and looked at her with the admiration he did not attempt to disguise. She was so natural, so different to the women he had known, who rode and shot and fished with one definite and scarcely concealed object in view. He had always loathed the masculine young woman, already he delighted in Margaret.

"Your ambitions are modest for a young woman," he said. "I have heard others expressed by lips less exquisite than thine."

He would hardly have said that to a woman of his own world. He liked to see the hot color rush to Margaret's pale cheek, and already he knew how to bring it there.

Once writing to me she said:

"It is a little disturbing when a man talks to you of the merits of a chestnut filly, with his lips, while with his eyes he is saying all manner of other things. One wants to answer those other things aloud and, while remembering not to, one forgets the filly and ends by looking a fool."

I can well imagine that Stephen Bruton could look most things with his eyes. He had had some practice before he met my beautiful, ignorant, passionate Margaret. I think he loved her. I'm sure he did in his way, though he did not really understand or appreciate her in the least.

Her father did not return, and they were always together in the wild autumn weather, riding, driving, fishing, or tramping over the wide purple moors. The in-

evitable happened in this way.

Margaret could climb like a wild goat—she had rifled every nest on Gannet's Crag, as a child, and one day she told him laughing that in that at least she could beat him. Some faint sea-pinks were growing on the grassy top of a great rock which stood above its fellows. "I will gather one of those for your button-hole," she declared, and before he could stop her she had darted from him. He stood breathlessly watching her as she climbed.

"By Jove!" he murmured, "she is marvelous. What strength, what curves! she is like a panther more than a woman! and she hasn't the faintest idea how splendid she is."

He was lost to her danger in the admiration of her lithe grace. Soon she began her descent, swinging from boulder to boulder, never letting go with her hands till her narrow feet had found secure rest, and holding the gathered prize in her short white teeth. At the last there was a drop of about six feet. He stood beneath, and as she made her last graceful, downward spring, he caught her in his arms. He held her back on one arm as if she had been a baby.

She struggled for an instant, but felt for all her unique strength powerless in his grasp. With the other hand he pressed back her head, till her scarlet mouth, with the flower in it, was turned up to his. His eyes plunged deep into hers, and she caught her breath sharply. The steep ascent had not made her pant as she panted in his close embrace.

"I may have it now, I suppose," he said coolly; "after all I prefer your lips," and he quietly took the flower away. His bright eager eyes came nearer, till her own sank, and the lids closed, and his mouth met hers in a long kiss.

So she gave herself to him, a priceless gift, of whose value he had not the least conception.

He raised his head, a little dizzy himself, but still held her head back; his eyes traveling with satisfaction from her kissed mouth to her full white throat, where the blue veins wandered.

"How splendid it would be to cut," he said, laughing a little huskily, and stooping again pressed a dozen little nibbling kisses on its warm whiteness.

After that her love for him became as fearless and undisguised as it was pure, and he returned it, as a strong male creature would love a beautiful feminine one, with a passion which, at times, was almost brutal in its fierceness.

CHAPTER II.

HE NEVER asked himself how it would end. Stephen Bruton always lived in the present. When that present was bad (which happened rarely, for nature and circumstances were both kind to him) he gnashed his teeth and swore till things came right again. When he was bored he usually contrived to change his mise en scene. When he saw anything he wanted he took it without much weighing of pros and cons, and when he was happy he gave himself up to his happiness with the sunny thoughtlessness of a boy, which was charming. If such happiness were sinful and bound in the end to cause trouble to some one, which happened not infrequently, he did not let any stupid qualms of conscience mar his enjoyment of it. It is a fact that it is only the suffering that we actually know and see that really affects us.

Charles Lamb's question as to whether most of us would not inherit a fortune, if to obtain it we had to condemn to death a distant Oriental, is a pertinent one. Stephen would have allowed him to be tortured, if necessary, though he hated to see the meanest creature suffer, and if the sight of such suffering was thrust under his eyes usually managed, if he thought he could not prevent it, to look the other way, which, of course, did just as well as far as he was himself concerned.

He was just a little bored when he met Margaret. There were two disagreeable things that he ought to have faced, one of which was to endeavor to pull out of the fire many important chestnuts of his own that he had allowed Mr. Delataste to place in much danger of being burnt. It was characteristic of him to have got as far as Gannet's Nest on this disagreeable errand, and then in the pursuit of something that interested him to let it slide entirely.

It was to just such a nature as his that Margaret's beauty and keen joy in living would come as a constant delight, and forgetting everything besides, he loved to romp with her like a schoolboy. It must have been a rare treat to see them together; the perfection of animal beauty and grace in the glow of youth and health.

What a splendid creature is a woman who loves! How infinitely interesting. She is capable of everything from the sublime to the ridiculous. She is magnificent, self-sacrificing, proud, cruel, treacherous, mean, generous—everything by turns and to the uttermost. She is full of swift surprises. She is fierce tigress one moment and a faithful slave the next, humbly crawling to the feet that have kicked her. She is subtle and full of mystery. She is no mere machine whose performances may be calculated to a nicety. Love is indeed a madness that fires a woman's brain and renders it capable of things impossible to her in a normal condition. Such madness passed, she may sink again into a creature made "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer;" but while it lasts she is sublime.

No being was ever transfigured and made more beautiful by this madness than Margaret.

Those who had known her all her life had felt this want in her. She had let us love her. She, herself, though lovable, gentle and sweet, had never loved. Once she had said to me in a remorseful way:

"I am a selfish brute, Nina. I don't love you as you all love me. I think it is the great souls who love and only the worthless who merely accept."

Margaret would often say when she parted from her lover—

"No, no, don't let us arrange to meet; let us meet by accident. I hate everything that is cut and dried for me. I love uncertainty, even the uncertainty of meeting you," and she laughed as she spoke; she knew that when two people both wish a thing there is not very much uncertainty about it. She did not intend it so, but no finished coquette could have acted more cunningly than in thus infusing into their meetings an element of unexpectedness. It set him wondering how he should find her, where and in what mood and guise. For Margaret was rarely the same in her moods. She had about her much of that "infinite variety" which gave her most seductive charm to Egypt's beautiful queen.

One Sunday morning, strolling up the village street, he heard her merry laugh issuing from an open cottage door. Margaret had then such a clear sweet laugh, so young and joyous, it made you laugh yourself only to hear it.

Stephen went up the garden path and peeped in at the cottage door. Margaret was having a game of romps with a tiny flaxen-haired child. Any one who has had the good fortune to see Ellen Terry play with a baby on the stage will understand a little how Margaret looked as she played with little Patty Evans on the tiled cottage floor, where the sunlight fell in patches from the latticed window.

The mite caught sight of Stephen first, and its laugh changed to a whimper, and it ran to where Margaret knelt with outstretched arms and hid a frightened face in her white neck. She looked up at him across the fair head, and there before him was a totally new woman.

The merry tom-boy in short kilted skirt and gaiters was gone. Gone too was that other Margaret from whom he had parted the night before in the firelight at Gannet's Nest. The regally tall woman in the white velvet gown with its loose sleeves falling back from her beautiful arms, bare from the shoulder, with her glittering hair like a crown of gold, and her bright passionate eyes and mouth just kissed, held up to be kissed again—an intoxicating Circe. Here, instead, was a sweet Madonna-like woman. She wore a white gown, and her riotous hair was subdued and rippled Clytie-wise round her low forehead.

For an instant Stephen did not speak; it seemed as if he reverenced her beauty and sweetness; but in another moment his self-possession returned as the reflection of what credit she did to his always perfect taste occurred to him.

"Ah, it is you," said Margaret, with the tone of content that the presence of the man whom she loves always brings into any woman's voice. "This is Miss Patty Evans, Mr. Bruton," making the child make a little courtesy. "She is our head groom's daughter, and she and I are old friends. I first made her acquaintance because I had to console her for riding her 'dada's' horses. She thought, most naturally, that they were all his, and that it was great presumption on my part to mount them. That pleased me immensely, and now I make a point of asking her permission, and as we are now the best of friends she generally accords it most graciously. I am taking care of her now while her mother dresses for church, and then we are all going together. You had better come with us. Our worthy Low Church parson will look on me, perhaps, with a little less disfavor for a time. He will think I have snatched a brand from the burning. Patty's mother will be down in a minute, so I had better put on her hat again. I found her meekly seated on a stool all ready, but her hat and pelisse so offended my artistic instinct that I had to take them off; now I must make haste and put her into them again, or both Patty and I will get into trouble."

She searched for and found a heavy black pelisse, which descended to the baby's heels, and a large turban-shaped hat, profusely trimmed with black crape and bugles, which came down all over her head like a basin.

Stephen sat on the table and watched these proceedings.

"Is she in mourning for a near relative?" he asked as Margaret inducted the unwilling Patty into these sombre garments. "She looks precisely like one of the plumes on the old-fashioned mourning coaches, which I, in my youth, used to call funeral dollies."

"Oh, no," said Margaret with knowledge of her subject. "The best clothes of the poor are always black. If any of their belongings die, they must have their 'bit of black.' They would do without food and drink rather than that. When it is no longer needed to express their regret, it is still the best they have, and so they wear it on Sundays to express their piety. Does she not look ridiculous in it, poor little mite?"

And Margaret bent back her beautiful head and laughed aloud, then, to make amends, caught up the little "funeral dolly," and held her in her splendid strong arms right above her head, kissed, and then surrendered her to Mrs. Evans, who arrived in an apologetic hurry and carried her off, leaving the lovers alone.

It was a misty golden autumn morning, with not a breath of air stirring to make the last few crimson and gold leaves which clung so fondly to their branches rustle down to their graves. The church bells gave a final clasp and stopped. The voices of some churchward-hurrying people died on the air. Only the slow, burring tick of the grandfather's clock went on, and the chirp of a robin in the cottage garden.

Stephen stood and looked at Margaret, and her heart beat in the silence.

"Are you coming?" she said at last with an effort, and her eyes down-cast.

He only said, as if to himself—

"What makes you look so different? I believe it is the bonnet. I have never seen you in one before. Fancy Diana in a bonnet!"

And his bold fingers came near and untied the little velvet bow under her chin, and lingered in a caress for pleasure of the feel of her soft skin; then he took off the bonnet, and his great brown hand ruffled up all the little rebellious golden prisoners beneath.

"Now come kiss me, sweet and twenty," he said.

Margaret caught her under-lip with her teeth, which was a way she had when determined.

"I shall not," she said.

His power over her in every way was absolute, and in spite of her love of him she, who had been queen of herself and of all her little world, sometimes resented his despotic sovereignty.

He caught her round her supple waist, and she felt like a child in his clasp—she who was so wonderfully strong. There is a fascination to a woman in the suppressed strength of a powerful man. He could easily have forced her lips to his, but he would not; he only held her so that she could not move an inch.

"Margaret," he repeated, looking straight into her eyes, "kiss me."

She turned her head this way and that, pushing herself backward from his great broad chest. He felt her like a thing of steel in his clasp, but there was a half-smile in his eyes, and he only said again, "Kiss me."

He felt her heart beating wildly like a frightened bird's, when one holds it captive in one's hand, then her body softened and yielded gradually, her eyes grew misty and tender, the corners of her proud mouth drooped, a burning flush dyed her white cheek and throat, and

"I love you—I love you!" she murmured with her mouth to his.

And it was in this way her brief struggles for her old wild freedom always ended, and she was content that it should be so, and he on his part lingered on in Elverston forgetful of everything beside, while the Scotch moors were purple with heather, and at his club invitations lay thickly one upon another unclaimed and unanswered. Could any man pay a higher tribute to a woman?

But Margaret knew nothing of all this.

CHAPTER III.

I DON'T think she ever bored him. Women with equal beauty, and well versed in every secret of attraction had tired him often before when they most wished to keep him; but Margaret, untutored savage as she was, chained his wandering fancy and kept his passion burning.

She over-exerted herself often and often in those days of utter self-abandonment. They took wild rides together in the stormy autumn weather, and walked for miles. He never realized her delicacy of constitution; she seemed as untiring as the sea birds which circled round her rock-built home.

He never saw her when she came home from these expeditions, the excitement over, and flung herself down almost dead with exhaustion, while old Elsie, her nurse, who worshipped her, hung over her in deepest anxiety. Afterwards, when he would drive over from his inn at the other side of the bay, he would find her in her white gown reclining on a low couch in the firelight, white as a lily, more lovely in her languor, more seductive than ever by contrast to the bold companion whose sex he sometimes almost forgot as she rode, shot or fished with him.

She lived every moment of that golden time with the prodigality of one who had a thousand lives to spend.

"I don't believe I shall ever die," she wrote to me at that time, "I feel life so strong in me; and it is good and splendid to live when one is young and when one loves and is loved. To be young is beautiful. When I think of age I shudder: it is worse even than death. When one is dead one is at least buried, put decently out of sight, while in the memories of those who once loved the face and mind live deathless and dear as of old. But to be old and ugly, to carry about in one's own body the tomb of all earthly pleasures and delights, to see in the eyes of those around you an aversion, or at best a mild tolerance——Pah! it is horrible! Youth means everything to a woman. Ah, when I think that I shall become old, with hideous, wrinkled, yellow skin, like old Sally Barton here, with dimmed eyes whose glances no man shall crave, and fallen in mouth ruined for kisses, I grow terrified. There is something about the 'must be' that is always terrible. It beats one utterly. However strong and powerful one may be, it is stronger—more powerful. Ah, what does it matter to me now, when I have all my beautiful present to live in? I am so happy, that I believe in God, and I wish He would make the whole of the world happy too. There would be no wickedness then. No one could be wicked when they were happy."

Then she wound up, for fear I should feel left out in the cold when she was so happy, with—

"Dear old Nina, don't forget I love you always too, but Stephen best—it must be so, you know."

One day she said to him—

"Do you know that you and I have never sailed together? We must—we really must. Come up ever so early to-morrow and we will have the 'Seamew' out. I have almost lived in her for weeks before you came, but with you all old things are new. You have made me feel the whole world new and fresh and lovely."

The next morning rose sullen and angry. The wind rushed in swirling gusts across the bay, where the waves were tossing their white manes.

Stephen got up early.

"I had better go," he grumbled to himself. "She is quite mad enough to set sail if I am not there to prevent her."

He found her, as he expected, awaiting him impatiently by the wharf, with an ancient retainer of seafaring aspect beside her. As he came nearer, Stephen saw him jerking his thumb towards the angry-looking sea, and speaking to his mistress with evident dissuasion, but Margaret was not paying the least attention.

"At last!" she exclaimed. "I was getting mad with waiting for you. Jump in, and let's not waste a minute more."

"You lovely maniac," he said, "you don't suppose I'm going to let you go out in the teeth of a wind like this? There'll be half a gale blowing presently."

The seafaring person was heard to mutter something that sounded like applause to this, but Margaret's eyes were ablaze with anger.

"Not let me!" she repeated. "How dare you keep me waiting all this time, and then come and say that I am not to go in

that fashion." Then, more quietly so that old Dan might not hear, but with equal intensity and passion, she added—

"You only like to see how much you can make me do or leave undone. You love to make me feel your power. You play with me like a cat with a mouse. Take care you do not go too far."

"Don't be a fool, Meg," he replied rather crossly; "look at sea and sky and leave me out of the question."

Now it is not wise to call a perverse woman a fool. For all reply, Margaret jumped into the "Seamew" and turned her back on him. Old Dan followed his mistress with a queer kind of grunt, and pushed the boat out to the sea. She flew off like a great bird, leaving Stephen with the vision of a beautiful angry face framed in by golden curls crowned with a scarlet fisher cap.

"What douced idiots all women are," he said savagely, just as David exclaimed in his haste that all men were liars.

The "Seamew" flew over the riotous waves, which were not so storm-tossed as Margaret's passionately beating heart, "for to be wrath with one we love doth work like madness in the brain." The battle of sea and wind suited her wild mood, and the boat bounded beneath her like a living thing.

Stephen watched her for a while, till the red fisher cap became indistinct against the dark water, then he turned with an oath and tramped up the moorland road.

He slung along for some time at a good pace, still with the savage expression on his square, powerful face, but presently stopped and laughed aloud.

"I care, I positively care. She actually has the power to infuriate me. I, who have'nt been angry over anything for ages much less over a woman; and if she can thus hurt me, so also can she give me joy. The pendulum must swing as far one way as the other. I swear she is a great white switch; she has given me back feelings that I had thought quite dead. I could have killed her just now. It was a primitive emotion, worth all the more complex ones in the world. She is absolutely mine, and yet she does not weary me. She manages to continue for me all the excitement of the chase, and sometimes she eludes me utterly. She knows how to remain mistress, she never degenerates into slave. Beautiful, wilful, passionate; soul and body gloriously developed; so must Antony's queen have been. I do love her, I swear I do, and yet I am not a green boy to think the world well lost for love." He scowled and then gave himself a shake like a dog, and so dismissed the unpleasant ideas that were rising up to confront him and strode on again, letting his thoughts wander into pleasant channels, wondering how she would greet him when they met again, where and in what fashion they would meet, and longed, with a strong thrill of recollection, for the feel of her mouth on his, the touch of her satin soft skin. He knew her beauty by heart, and loved every grand curve of her.

Thus meditating he walked many miles in the wind and rain, unconscious of any special volition of his own, and at last returned to the little inn where he had quarters, sufficiently tired to appreciate the refreshing contrast of dry clothing and warm fire. A vague uneasiness about Margaret did not prevent his doing justice to a plain but well-cooked dinner.

The little inn faced the sea, standing right on the edge of the cliff some five or more miles from Gannet's Nest, which was the other side of the bay. The wind shrieked and tore at the windows, and the surf thundered on the beach below, and in spite of his facility in banishing unpleasant thoughts, anxiety and restlessness took possession of Stephen's heart.

"I love her," he said, as he paced up and down the room. "I want her. What a fool I am."

Suddenly the window, which opened into a little strip of garden on the cliff, was burst open, and Margaret sprang into the room—a wild wet Undine in her short blue dress and scarlet cap, with the rain on her hair and her eyes large with the blackness of the night. She came and crouched at his knee, "like a wild thing grown suddenly tame." She turned her lovely pale face up to his and said—

"Kiss me, Stephen," she said. "I had to come; I could not sleep while we were angry with each other."

The fire was low, and she could scarcely see his face in the darkness above her. He was silent for an instant, and she thought that he would not forgive her. She bent her supple body back against his knee and huddled herself close to him. "I will be good," she said in her pleading childish fashion, and there was a tremble in her voice. She was worn out with the emotions of the day, and she had walked five miles to him through the storm, racing her own heart all the way. Then the hollow logs fell together with a crash, and with a roar the bright flames leapt up the chimney just as Stephen's heart leapt up within him, and he caught her fiercely to him and kissed her throat and eyes and trembling lips again and again.

But she was more tired child, crying for forgiveness, than passionate woman just then, and soon the protective tender instinct mastered all other emotion in him as he felt her yield absolutely in his embrace. He pushed her into his chair by the fire, scolding her gently for her rashness and naughty temper.

He took off the gay scarlet cap, and loosened all her shining hair, and rubbed it between his large strong hands till it glittered in the firelight, holding the soft curling ends to his face with a sensuous appreciation. Then he pulled off her heavy boots and the clinging wet stockings, chafing her slender cold feet, and kissing them with eager lips.

Margaret lay passive in the old leathern chair, an immense fatigue weighing on every limb, feeling his strong bodily presence, as he leaned beside her in the firelight, comforting, reassuring, protective. An intense though passive content welled up in heart. She felt she gave him happiness. What greater joy can the world hold for a woman who loves?

Half an hour of paradise and then he insisted on driving her home. He had never seen her so exhausted, she who was always as strong as a man. It rather frightened him, and he was anxious to put her into her old nurse's charge. To a woman in some moods an ounce of tenderness is worth a ton of passion, and he was very tender to her that night. When he left her she kissed his cheek as, poor lonely child, she might have kissed her mother's.

"I love you, dear; I love. Good-night," she said, and he drove back through the starlit night—for the storm was over, and the elements had ended their warfare—with a feeling something like remorse and shame at his heart. By force of very contrast he saw clearly in his mind's eye.

A magnificent drawing room, the electric light, orange-shaded, gleaming on silken walls and hangings, on down-stuffed chairs and cushions, on the shining marble limbs of statuettes, on all that art and taste and wealth can bring together to beautify the shell of a lovely woman, on himself standing before a long mirror, on the woman herself beside him, in "gloss of satin and shimmer of pearl." He smelt again the heavy scent of the gardenias and tuberoses, and heard the slow musical chime of the great buhl clock, and he heard her soft provoking voice:

"I shall probably marry you in the end, Stephen, but after all, I don't love you really—no, not one bit, I only love myself—myself always, and most of all," and with an echo of the rage that possessed him then he seemed to see her rapidly disengage herself from his embrace, and stoop and kiss lovingly in the mirror the beautiful mouth, still pouting from his own caress.

He gave a little hissing indraw of his breath and a savage cut of the whip to the mare he was driving.

"Angel and she devil," he muttered. "Finished coquette and child of nature, and yet so wonderfully alike. Where can the resemblance be?—it is always haunting me. Well, it would seem only a carrying out of the eternal fitness of things if I am to belong to the devil."

He laughed a laugh that was not very good to hear, and that night before he slept he wrote to his club and told them to forward all letters.

And that evening, when Margaret's happiness towered to such a giddy height that it almost frightened her, was the beginning of the end in more ways than one.

She sat up writing to me that evening. She told me in her strong vivid way all the story of the quarrel and the making up.

"He is splendid," she said. "You know how strong I am, but I feel like a baby in his arms, and yet he can be so gentle. I was wet as a drowned thing, but he cuddled me up and nursed me. Oh God, I am so happy. To love and to be loved like that—it is heaven. I will be so good for it, but that is nothing; it is so easy to be good when one is happy. He has just driven me home, in the strange hush of a starlit night after a storm, and I can't sleep—who could? My heart is throbbing so loud I hear it, and my body is burning—but I am madly happy, I felt I must tell you. You must feel my gladness, through all the distance, and be glad with me."

After that Margaret's health began visibly to break down. The excitement and exposure had drawn largely on her slender capital of strength. She made a brave fight, but her soul passed through a great horror of darkness and dread. She loved life, it was very beautiful to her just then, and she pushed the horror away from her and mastered the dread.

What she must have suffered we guessed afterwards, but then she told no one, and fought a solitary battle with her failing strength and the grisly fears which beset a silence which had in it a pathetic heroism.

The horror might be beaten back, but the terrible racking pain, the cough that would not let her sleep, the lassitude which weighed down her formerly untiring limbs, could not be set aside. At last Margaret began to feel that she must know the full extent of the power of the enemy she was fighting, and one morning, possessed by this determination, she started for the nearest town.

She would not let Stephen accompany her. She was bound, she told him, on a feminine shopping expedition, very little, she was sure, to his taste.

She did not know the doctor, whose verdict she was about to seek, but some one had told her he was clever, and she felt he would give her certainty for uncertainty, and the longing for such a certainty, whatever it might be, with which she might grapple was becoming almost frantic.

The soft fine rain, which is an almost daily feature of the west country was falling when Margaret alighted at the station. In the green country it lies glittering on the grass, soft and balmy on the distant woods, and is beautiful; but in the town it is altogether unlovely. That day it drip-dripped with a dreary monotone on the slimy pavements, and, looking up the long street, Margaret saw a moving mass of ugly wet umbrellas, each one shielding a hurrying human being, self-absorbed, anxious to get as little wet as possible, absolutely unconscious and uncaring of Margaret and her trouble. Into her soul as she looked came the added chill and desolation of a great loneliness. She had never felt lonely on the moors or on the great open sea.

The horror was rising within her. At home it had seemed to her that she was of importance to many. She had a definite place and she filled it. It must matter if she died—she could not well imagine the place without her; but did not all these wet umbrellas cover creatures who fancied themselves just as important? Largeness or smallness are merely matters of comparison. Margaret's life had given her no opportunities for comparison. Suddenly now she was struck strongly and cruelly with a sense of utter insignificance. "Millions of worlds," she thought, "what matter one world less—millions of patient, self-important ants, what matter one ant less; millions of toiling self-absorbed human creatures, what matter one human creature less. Who would care?" A sense of impotence overcame her. She felt then, as we have all felt at times, that she was only a part of a huge game, and that when no longer wanted she would be taken off the board, without remorse or consideration, having served no purpose.

Thinking thus she found herself almost unconsciously arrested by a green door, with a brass plate on it, on which was written

DR. HENRY PHILLIPS.

She rang and was admitted. Dr. Phillips was at home, but engaged. Would she wait? the page boy asked. She would.

The room she was shown into had that fictitious air of comfort about it which seems to reign supreme over the waiting-room of doctors and dentists. The hair blinds across the windows made it dark. There were all the comic papers on the table. They might as well offer Punch or Pick Me Up to the prisoner in the dock waiting for the jury to make up their minds. There was no one else in the room, which was so silent that the fire made quite a noise, and the skeleton clock on the mantelpiece ticked loudly. Margaret did not look at the comic papers. She sat down and her eye fixed itself on the red ball of sun which was setting in a snow piece that hung on the wall, and waited. She was fighting for self control. Even such slight noises as the drip of the rain and the tick of the clock might, she felt, drive her mad if she let go of herself for one moment. So she kept very quiet. Presently the page boy threw open the door, "Dr. Phillips will see you now, ma'am," he said. Did she shriek as she jumped up to follow the boy? She supposed not. He would have looked different, she thought, if she had.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

SPIDERS.—The largest spider of the world is the migale, of Central America which, with legs extended, is sometimes fifteen inches in diameter. It preys upon birds and lizards.

THE HORSE.—The Arabian legend of the creation of the horse has been discovered by someone. He is supposed to be a condensation of the south wind, originally of a dark bay color, with the white star of good fortune in the middle of his forehead.

SHIRT TREES.—In South America are shirt trees which grow to be 50 feet high The Indians cut from them cylindrical pieces, two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark. This bark affords them a sort of sack of coarse texture without a seam. The opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut for the arms.

WINDFALL.—The origin of "windfall," in the sense of "good luck," dates from the time of William the Conqueror. It was then a criminal offence to cut timber in the forests. Only such could be gathered as the wind had blown down; hence a heavy windstorm was hailed by the peasants as so much good luck, and from this comes the modern application of the expression.

MATERIALS.—Serge derives its name from Xerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woollen blanket. Diaper is not from D'Ypres, as it sometimes stated, but from the Greek diaspros, figured. Velvet is from the Italian velluto, woolly (Latin, vellus—a hide or pelt). Shawl is the Sanscrit sala, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandana is from an Indian word to bind or tie, because it is tied in knots before dyeing. Chintz from the Indian chott. Dolaine is the French "of wool."

A LUMINOUS TREE.—A remarkable tree grows near some springs, about twelve miles north of Tuscarora, Nevada. It is about six or seven feet high, with a trunk which at its base is three times the size of an ordinary man's wrist. Its truly wonderful characteristic is its luminosity, which is so great that on the darkest night it can be plainly seen a mile away. A person standing near could read the finest print by its light. The luminous property is due to a gummy substance, which can be transferred to the hand by rubbing, together with the phosphorescent light, while that on the leaf disappears. This luminosity is thought to be due to a parasitic worm.

THE PICKET WIRE.—A river in Southern Colorado known as the "Picket Wire," thus derived its queer name: Years ago, when first the gold fever drove men wild, a party of Mexicans made their way up the stream in question in search of the precious metal. Months passed, and when the little band did not return their friends mourned them as dead, and called the river "El Rio de los Animos Perdidos" (the River of the Lost Souls). Soon a French colony made its home on the banks of the stream, whose name was freely translated into "Le Purgatoire." Then came the American cowboy. He saw the river, heard its name, and translating (?) it into his own tongue, dubbed it "Picket Wire river."

HOW MAN IS CONSTRUCTED.—The average weight of an adult man is 140 pounds 6 ounces.

The average weight of a skeleton is about fourteen pounds.

Number of bones, 240.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the living man.

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and a half pounds; of a woman, two pounds eleven ounces.

The brain of man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

The average height of an Englishman is five feet nine inches; and of a Belgian, five feet six and three-quarter inches.

The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds; a Belgian, 140 pounds.

The average number of teeth is thirty-two.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1,200 times an hour.

A man breathes about eighteen pints of air in a minute, or upwards of seven hogsheads in a day.

A man gives off 4 08 per cent. carbonic gas of the air he respires; respires 10,666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in twenty-four hours, equal to 125 cubic inches common air.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

FLOWERS.

BY SUSANNA J.

Sweet flow'rs, I have no language at command
To tell the love I bear you; and the joy
With which I mark your shining buds expand
Is such as Time is pow'rless to destroy.

The pansy, raising her bright eyes to Heaven;
The starry jasmine and clematis pure—
To such as these my childish heart was given
In faith that through all changes shall endure.

The winds blow softly through the low'ring trees,
The lark sings out his rapture in the sky;
And while I have such faithful friends as these
The busy world may pass unheeded by!

With None Between.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVER AND LORD," "WITH A ROD OF IRON," "A MAD LOVE," "DOLLY'S LUCK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHAT the journey home was, what the last few days have been, I can hardly tell you," Margaret Grandison says, struggling with her pitiful sobs. "It is hard to expect you to feel mercifully to her, Miss Jephson, considering the terrible risk she let you run. But, if she sinned, she suffered horribly; and, after poor Georgie's death, her one thought was to save you. If ever there was a broken heart in this world it lies under that sheet to-day."

Kitty does not answer; she is looking at the dead woman's face, upturned in waxen whiteness from the bed by which the two girls stands—the face on which, for the first time, she sees a look of rest and peace. She knows that the dead woman consented to see her a victim of a horrible wrong, she knows that the warm-hearted American girl is indirectly pleading for her pardon now; but with Kitty there is no sense of bitterness or wrong, no feeling that she has anything to forgive.

"She must have borne up wonderfully," she says wistfully at last. "Georgie was all the world to her. I only wonder his death did not kill her at once!"

"It would have killed her but that she felt she could not die till she had saved you. I shall never forget her when they brought the dear little fellow in dead. He was killed by a fall from his pony; and she and I, going out for a drive, met the men carrying him up to her rooms, his pretty face and yellow hair all stained with blood. Oh, it was horrible!" Miss Grandison covers her face with her hands and turns away with a sort of shuddering sob. "I shall never forget that scene. She broke into such a cry of agony as frightened us all, but we expected that of course. It was when she gave up all hope, when we at last convinced her the boy was gone beyond recall, that her conduct became incomprehensible.

"She dropped the cold little hand, stood suddenly erect, facing us all as she faced Lord Archdale in the church just now, and broke into the wildest maddest laugh—it makes my blood run cold to recall it even now.

"'Thank Heaven,' she said, 'he need never know! I can thank Heaven and bear its judgments with submission now—now that my darling can never be made to suffer for his mother's sin!'

"I thought the words mere frantic ravings then, but was soon to know better. She sent for me that night—when Georgie had been but a few hours dead—and told me all, adding, with the strange stony calm that had taken the place of her fierce agitation—

"'I am going to England at once, to stop the wedding—there is still time for that; but it is possible that I may die on the way. Therefore I have written out the whole story and enclosed the certificate of my marriage. Will you see that it is placed in Mr. Clifford's hands when he returns to Rome?'

"The contingency of which she spoke seemed to me so much more than possible that I did not know what to say. That she was dying no one could look in her face and doubt—that she should start thus alone upon her terrible journey seemed too cruel a thing.

"An idea flashed through my mind then which I imparted to her at once.

"'My father,' I said, 'is going to London to-morrow on one of his many business trips; for once he shall take me with him, and you shall travel in our care.'

"She accepted the offer, thanking me gratefully, but with no great effusion. She had room but for one thought, one purpose in her heart and mind just then.

"Mr. Clifford met us in town—you know the rest. Thank Heaven, we were in time to save you from what might have proved a terrible fate! Thank Heaven, that poor tortured woman left the world with the burden of one sin less upon her soul! Miss Jephson, touch the poor pale lips that plead for pardon still with yours, and say you forgive poor Stella Wentworth before you read her story through."

Kitty looks from the beautiful glowing face, radiant with life and health and generous eager pity, to that of the woman whose weary task is done. And as she looks her eyes brim over, and two great tears fall upon the spotless pillow as she bends her head to give the kiss of pardon and peace.

"I cannot say that I forgive her," she cries, with a quick sob. "She has suffered so horribly, she has borne so much, I am sorry for her; I cannot remember there is anything to forgive."

There has not been much stiffness or ceremony between the two girls so oddly brought together from the first, but the last remnant of it vanishes now, as the impulsive young American flings both her graceful arms about Kitty's neck.

"You are a real darling, and I knew you would feel like that. Poor Stella can sleep quietly now, and the world need know nothing of all she had to bear. Lord Archdale—the wretch!—must hold his tongue for his own sake; but, even if he were mad enough to tell the story, there is no one to be hurt by it now. Wait till you read her letter, Miss Jephson, then you will begin properly to appreciate and hate that man."

Kitty thinks within herself that the burning indignation, the shrinking horror that thrill her already at the sound of Lord Archdale's name can hardly be intensified or surpassed. But later on, when she comes to read Stella Wentworth's dying words—in her thoughts she gives the dead woman only that honored name—she owns that Margaret Grandison is right.

"I do not ask you to forgive me," Stella begins abruptly; "that the last wrong has not been done you is Heaven's will, and no fault—or grace of mine. For weeks I have known that Lord Archdale meant to go through the form of marriage with you—he who while I lived could make no woman his legal wife. I have known this and held my tongue, though I knew that silence was a crime in such a case. Hate me and loathe me, Kitty, remembering the fate to which I would have doomed you—so proud, so pure, so warm-heartedly kind to me—I should have been silent still, but Heaven took my boy, and then the gag was lifted from my lips. You must hate—you cannot pity me; but be merciful and read my story through. I will make it as brief as possible.

"It is nearly twenty years since I first met Lord Archdale—he was only Frank Maynard then, and I was a public singer who had just taken a high place in popular esteem. I was only eighteen, a girl whose head was turned with flattery, who had no one to guide or guard her through the mazes of a difficult life. Frank was many years older than I, handsome, clever, fascinating, and he called himself my absolute slave. Is it any wonder that he made me love him, made me submit in everything my will to his?

"We were married privately—he said he was dependent upon the aid of his noble relations, and had such great expectations from his godmother, and they were all such strait-laced puritanical people, that it would be madness to offend them by announcing his connection with the stage through his marriage with me.

"'Some day they will learn to know and love you, and then they will forgive your stage triumphs, Stella,' he said coaxingly; 'but till then we must keep our secret as best we can.'

"I did not like the conditions, which stung and wounded my pride, but was too infatuated to resist his will. I tried to tell him that the income my voice would bring in would make us independent of all external aid, but a certain delicacy sealed my lips. Delicacy and Frank Maynard! I soon learned the ridiculous incongruity.

"I will not dwell upon the brief bright dream, the bitter waking that followed that fatal false step of my marriage; the dull pain and disillusionment, the sickening sense of shame with which I recognized the real nature of the man I had made the lord and master of my life.

"I do not know whether Frank Maynard had ever really loved me with even the poor slight love it was in his nature to bestow. If he did the fancy soon died; before I had been his wife two months he did not scruple to tell me in the plainest terms that it was high time I resumed the duties of my profession—to show me that I had a mere monetary value in his eyes.

"I suppose there still survived some faint spark of my love for him, for the words wounded me sorely; but the time soon came when I found a fierce satisfaction in the thought that money was all he asked or wished for from me.

"Well, the dreary months and years dragged themselves away. I should have died of a broken heart, or lived a hard and bitter woman, without faith in Heaven or man, Kitty, but by-and-by there came to me a little child—my bonnie boy! I cannot cry for Georgie—I have not shed a tear since he died; but my eyes brim over when I think of the baby who has been in his grave for eighteen years. He made me almost happy, and he was all mine, for Frank never cared for him from the first, and resented all the care I gave him as an absurd loss of time—and time for me meant money in his eyes.

"He was a fool as well as a villain! Kitty, they say villains are fools always. While my boy lived I would have borne all—his greed, his extravagance, his infidelity; I would have been his patient uncomplaining slave! Oh, let me finish this part of my story or I shall go mad before my task is done!

"We were in Paris about two years after our marriage, I fulfilling an operatic engagement, he dancing attendance on Miss Cozie Rivers, an English burlesque actress to whom he had chosen to devote himself and who was continually crossing my path in his company.

"I was not jealous—I had long ceased to feel anything but loathing and contempt for the man who called himself my husband; but this woman's pert obtrusiveness had still power to sting my pride, and, when I heard that she had actually entered into conversation with my nurse, had petted and given bonbons to my child, I felt that the outrage was unendurable, and spoke to my husband a few short, sharp, warning words.

"'If it happens again, I shall leave you; I will not endure such an insult twice!' I said hotly; and he laughed with insolent scorn at the passion he had roused.

"'My dear Stella, you must really keep your tragedy for the boards—it is lost on me; and Miss Rivers, being in a totally different line of business, is hardly the person to appreciate it. Why you should resent her friendly attentions to Frankie I really cannot see. She is a kindly good-natured creature, and immensely good company, which is more than can be said for some people I know. She says the boy took a fancy to her before the bonbons came upon the scene, and I have half promised to take him to her rooms some day!'

"'If you dare,' I began fiercely; and then I stopped, feeling the misery of my helplessness as I had never felt it yet. He only laughed; but from that day I lived in constant terror, and could hardly bear the boy out of my sight.

"My head goes round when I try to recall it; I cannot tell the story of that awful night! I had quarrelled with Frank, and left the boy ill in bed with a slight feverish cold which had kept him a prisoner to the house for some days, but about which I was not even seriously uneasy. I did not know that I was ill myself, but before the curtain rose I fainted twice, and my manager grew so alarmed that he insisted on making an apology for me and sending me home. I was not wont to disappoint the public, but I gave in gladly then, and drove home along the boulevards, taking little heed of the bright and varied scene around me till I came upon a sight that made me think for the moment I must indeed have gone mad.

"In the centre of the wide open window of a glittering cafe sat my husband and Miss Rivers, at a table filled with glasses, and between them, busily engaged upon a plate piled high with brilliant-hued confectionery, with the gas-jets flaring down upon his fair head and flushed baby face, sat little Frank.

"What happened next I cannot tell you; they say I made a scene, and brought a crowd pressing round to see the mad Englishwoman. It is likely enough, for at that moment I was mad. I only know that, in spite of them all, I tore my child away and took him home, and that night—pity me, Kitty Jephson, and understand how it is that I am not quite like other women—he was seized with violent croup convulsions and died in my arms.

"For weeks after that I remember nothing, for weeks I lay between life and death, praying with all the power of prayer left in me that the latter might be my share; but that prayer was vain, as my prayers have been ever; and, when sullenly and sadly I learned that I was to live, I vowed that it should never be with Frank Maynard again.

"I made him understand this. I swore a solemn oath that I would never sing again, that he should never make another penny out of my voice; and, when he understood this fully, saw that I would rather die than change my purpose, he was glad enough to let me go—glad enough to be rid of a woman who could be to him only a burden and a reproach.

"We parted then not to meet again for fifteen years, and now the story of my sin begins—not that it was wilful wrongdoing even then. When I married General Wentworth I honestly and sincerely believed Frank Maynard to be dead. It was not till I had been three years a happy wife, till I had learned to love and honor and respect my dear old husband, as I had thought never to love and honor any one again, till Georgie was playing about my feet, a happy bright-faced boy, the very pride and darling of his father's heart, that the blow fell—that I knew Frank Maynard to be living; and that the peace, honor, and prosperity that seemed to surround me were all a hollow dream. Up to then I was the victim of fate, or of my own folly at worst; but from that moment I was responsible for all the evil to come. If I had been a good, brave, or strong woman, I should have told my husband all; but I told myself I could not break his heart, I could not blast the future of our boy, and so I kept my miserable secret, and lived on a life that no guilty wretch condemned to die and seeing the gallows drawing nearer day by day need have envied me.

"At last, when years had passed away, when my husband had died calmly and peacefully in my arms, thanking me with his last breath for the 'blessing' I had brought upon his life and leaving Georgie in my sole charge, I began to think that fate was weary of prosecuting me, that my life, after all, might end in something like peace. I knew it must end soon—every doctor I consulted told me that—and I took a fierce perverted pleasure in the fact.

"My death might expiate my sin and leave Georgie free from all danger, I thought; and a strange dull satisfaction came to me with every racking cough, with every restless feverish night and day of dull, dragging, dreary pain. It was so much suffering set up on my part against the sum-total of my sin. I almost began to think in my mad folly that the account would balance at last.

"You know the rest. When I had almost ceased to expect it, the old dark shadow fell across my life never to lift again. Lord Archdale came here, found me out, confirmed the story that he was engaged to you—to you who had tried so hard to be my boy's friend and mine—and defied me to denounce him or prevent the marriage that, as he and I both knew, could be only a hideous farce.

"Pity me, Kitty! You will, I know—you are all goodness, all generosity! You will guess what I suffered then. I begged for mercy. I threatened and defied him, but he treated my prayers and threats alike with the old cynical contempt. I could do as I pleased, of course. It was quite in my power to thwart him, to upset his plans, but had I counted the cost to myself and Georgie? Since I was mad enough to run all risks of shame and possible punishment for myself, could I bear them for my boy?

"I could not—oh, I could not, Kitty! My boy was all the world to me. I had seen one child die, I could not doom the other to worse than death! I ran away and hid myself. I cherished the one frantic hope that I, tottering ever on the verge of the grave, might die before the dawning of the marriage-day, and so prevent a cruel crime! But it was in vain; death would not come, the news still followed that your wedding was at hand."

The paper here is one great blot, as though the pen had dropped from the writer's hand, as though her head had fallen forward upon the page, and it is with difficulty that Kitty can decipher the last blurred irregular words.

"Be thankful, as I am, for my Georgie's death for the innocent sacrifice that has saved us both. Be happy with your true

lover, Kitty, and teach him some day to forgive and pity me as fully and generously as you do now."

Kitty's own tears, falling thick and fast, are adding to the blots upon the paper, when Oscar Clifford, coming up behind her, takes it gently from her hand.

"Enough of that, my darling," he says, dropping insensibly into the lover's tone of protecting fondness and command; "the time for tears is past, Kitty; it ended with that weary life!"

"And you—you forgive her, Oscar?"

Kitty looks pleadingly in the blue eyes, which, just for the moment, grow very dark and stern, then Oscar answers slowly:

"She is past our forgiveness, past our judgment, Kitty; we can only pity her. She must have been driven mad before she could have consented to such a cruel crime! But for him——"

"Oh, hush—do not speak of him!" Kitty says, with a shuddering look round. "They say he has left the country—that he will not dare to show his face here again. For her sake, we must spare him, Oscar—for the sake of the dead woman and the little child of whom poor General Wentworth was so proud! Be sure he will not go unpunished."

"I am sure of that," Oscar returns, with grim content; "and so enough of him and his evil deeds. Let us talk of the brighter days to come—the day we have deferred too long Kitty—the day when you and I shall stand hand in hand before the altar, and no one shall find 'cause or just impediment' between us two."

[THE END.]

Too Handsome.

BY E. S. LYTTON.

MR. FERDINAND FITZROY was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favorite with both his parents, that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end."

A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too—and such an irresistible way of tying his necktie! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them; for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. "What a genius Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she to her husband.

"Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with him."

"And why, love?"

"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife.

So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form!

They took our hero from school. "What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the Lord Chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."

The Lord Chancellor dined there that day: Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him; his Lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he; "no, no, that will never do! Send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my Lord!" said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the —— Regiment of Dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; they sent him to the riding-school, and everybody laughed at him.

"He is a d——d ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "A horrible puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "If he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!" said Captain Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; "If he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet, "I say, Mr. Bumpernwell (to the riding-master), make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, he will never ride better."

"And why the d——l will he not?"

"Bless you, Colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.

"Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

"We must cut him!" said the Colonel.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the —— Regiment, and challenged the Colonel. The Colonel was killed!

"What a terrible backguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world.

The parents were in despair!—They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged him upon the crabbed old uncle.

"He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet."

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in Parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English constitution.

He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and hoared!—Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbors.

"Fairly broke down!" said another.

"Too fond of his hair to have any thing in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a county member had been declared a phœnix of promise upon half his merit.

Not so thought the heroes of corn laws.

"Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose.

"Nor men of business either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civilest of the set. "He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again—this will never do; we must cough him down!"

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight-and-twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it.—"You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a-year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "Easy to see his intentions," said one, "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"—"Handsome is that handsome does," says another; "he was turned out of the army, and murdered his Colonel!"—"Never marry a beauty," said a third; "he can admire none but himself."—"Will have so many mistresses," said a fourth;—"Make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth;—"Spend your fortune," said a sixth;—"And break your heart," said a seventh.

Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business;—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for a banker!"

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she timidly, "to marry a man so admired—will you always be faithful?"

"By heaven!" cried the lover—

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pamilion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricle. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died.

Away goes our hero, to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator (who, I have before said, was a bit of a satirist), "my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies expected, to"—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely brode) "my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, painstaking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!"

And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pamilion.

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, as, a day or two after the dissolution of Parliament, he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney-coach, bound to the King's Bench, "Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

ABOUT LOCO.

Anyone who emigrates to the south-western prairies of North America with a view to ranching, has many trials awaiting him of which he little dreams elsewhere; but to my mind the worst evil of all is to find one's self unwittingly the purchaser of a ranch on which Loco is found. Few people who have not been out West know anything about this plant, which is so much dreaded by cattle ranchmen, and therefore I think a few remarks about it may not prove uninteresting to some readers.

This loco is a pretty plant, something like a vetch in appearance, with white, purple, and red flowers. The leaf is alternately pinnate, and the leaflet lanceolate. It is the first green herbage that springs up after the long winter, and perhaps that is the reason it seems irresistible to some cattle in the early spring.

It takes its name from a Mexican word meaning 'mad;' and it is often called the 'Crazy Weed,' from the direful effect it has upon cattle or horses if eaten in any quantity. At the commencement, the poison seems slow in showing itself; the first symptom usually being a dull glassy look in the eyes, which gradually seem to dilate and become wild and staring.

To an experienced Westerner this is sufficient warning, and if he is wise, he will remove the animal at once to some distant pasture free from the weed, for if left to graze on the dangerous herb, the vision becoming impaired, and the victim developing an aptitude for indulging in grotesque antics, sometimes rushing madly about as if demented.

When horses are affected, they generally show it first by being troublesome in harness, balking, backing, and often rearing and hurling themselves backwards. A 'locoed' horse has the greatest objection to having its head touched in any way, and consequently is difficult to harness.

The last stage of the disease is a gradual wasting away of the animal; and this ends fatally. I once saw a cow that was badly 'locoed;' the poison had got thoroughly into her system and she was as thin as a rail. Her ribs showed plainly through the skin, and she was so weak she could hardly stand. Her owner had kept her shut in a corral away from the fatal loco, and fed her well; but she was too far gone, and got so wretched at last that a bullet put an end to her sufferings.

Strange to say, cattle born on the prairies seem instinctively to avoid the plant; and it is chiefly imported animals, often valuable high-grade beasts, that fall victims to their partiality for it. It is very difficult to eradicate loco once it has got a firm hold on a pasture, and I believe the best thing is to plough up the land. It grows in big patches, and in the fall the large pods containing the seeds burst and are carried on by the winds to spread elsewhere.

I was for some time on a ranch where loco flourished wonderfully, in spite of the owner's efforts to get rid of it. He was advised to drown it first with water from the irrigation ditches, and then let the hot sun scorch it up. Note that under this treatment it throve and spread! Again he was told by an 'old-timer' that the only thing was to cut it down just before it seeded and burn it. He did so; and the next year his best hay patch was thick with loco blossom. Although there is a prevalent idea that loco hay is harmless, my friend would not run the risk of giving it to his horses, and lost the crop.

I once helped to drive a cow from a loco patch to a corral; the distance was not a mile, and yet with the help of another rider it took us two hours and a half to succeed. The cow ran all over the place in a silly dazed way, until we got our two horses close along each side of her, so that she could not turn easily, and with difficulty kept her moving on straight ahead. Her sight seemed peculiarly defective; on the way, she fell clumsily into an irrigation ditch that she could easily have crossed, and we got her out with no end of trouble. Again, coming to a fence-pole lying on the ground, she stopped abruptly and commenced dancing and plunging about in front of it for some minutes; then, with a great bound, she jumped over it as if it was two or three feet high! A "locoed" horse of mine while feeding quietly in the stable one morning was seized with a spasm; it reared suddenly, threw itself backwards and broke its neck before two men who were standing by could do a thing to try and save it.

A few years before I went to the southern part of Colorado, where I first came across loco, the weed was spreading so rapidly there that the Government offered a bounty for every ton of it dug up by the roots, which was to be destroyed after being weighed. This wise measure for battling with the evil was frustrated by the greed of some of the Mexicans and lower stamp of ranchmen, who, tempted by the reward, actually cultivated the plant as a profitable speculation, until their unscrupulous business was suspected, and it was deemed expedient to take off the bounty, as the amount of loco that was produced seemed incredible.

There are many theories afloat about loco among Westerners. Some maintain that it is not the plant at all that does the mischief, but a tiny red worm that is found only in its roots, and that animals that are affected must first eat the root and swallow the worm. One man will believe that this worm attacks only the intestines, and another will declare that it finds its way at once to the brain.

In defence of this worm theory it is urged that botanical experts have failed to discover anything supposed to be injurious to cattle or horses in the specimens of the plant sent to them for analysis. One daring ranchman I knew actually tasted the leaves, and said they had a strong flavor of salt about them, which would doubtless be acceptable to bovine palates.

I was once talking to an owner of a large horse-ranch, and having noticed that loco grew abundantly on the land, but that his horses looked none the worse for it, I asked the reason. He told me he had lost many until he heard accidentally that salt and copperas together made an effectual antidote to the poison; although the plant was injurious in itself, and quite repudiated the worm theory. He said that since he had left the remedy where the animals could always get at it, he had not lost one.

It seemed hard to believe in this somewhat homœopathic treatment of the disease, but this horse-owner had the greatest faith in its efficiency. I never met any one else who had tried the daring experiment. I was much interested in the noxious plant, and watched all loco cases that came under my notice most carefully; but whether the trouble arises from poisonous leaves or worms I cannot tell.

It may not be uninteresting to close these remarks by saying that in localities where loco is found, a word has been coined from its name, and if people are deficient in intellect, or odd and eccentric, they are designated 'locoed!'

AT LAST.

BY T. FERGUSON.

At last I hold your little hand in mine,
And in the azure softness of your eyes,
O love, I see new depths of glory shine,
While in my heart a passionate surprise
Is mingled with a rapture half divine!

The bitter thought of all my fate must miss
Hung dark and like a pall across the years—
The tender sweetness of a woman's kiss,
The soft compassion of a woman's tears—
And, love, I dreamt not of an hour like this!

But never more that shadow shall be cast
Across the sunshine bountiful and sweet;
For all the sorrowful strange years are past,
And all my life is perfect and complete,
Since now, at last, you love me, dear—at last!

In a Madhouse.

BY H. H. L.

THE following is a manuscript once found in an English lunatic asylum:

I am the eldest son of a numerous family—noble in birth, and eminent for wealth. My brothers are a vigorous and comely race—my sisters are more beautiful than dreams.

By what fatality was it that I alone was thrust into this glorious world distorted, and dwarf-like, and hideous—my limbs a mockery, my countenance a horror, myself a blackness on the surface of creation—a discord in the harmony of nature, a living misery, an animated curse? I am shut out from the aims and objects of my race; with deepest sources of affection in my heart, I am doomed to find no living thing on which to pour them.

Love!—out upon the word—I am its very loathing and abhorrence; friendship turns from me in disgust; pity beholds me, and withers to aversion. Wheresoever I wander, I am encompassed with hatred as with an atmosphere. Whatever I attempt, I am in the impassable circle of a dreadful and accursed doom.

Ambition — pleasure — philanthropy — fame—the common blessing of a social intercourse—are all as other circles, which mine can touch but in one point, and that point is torture. I have knowledge to which the wisdom of ordinary sages is as dust to gold; I have energies to which relaxation is pain; I have benevolence which sheds itself in charity and love over a worm!

For what—merciful God!—for what are these blessings of nature or of learning? The instant I employ them, I must enter among men: the moment I enter among men, my being blackens into an agony. Laughter grins upon me—terrors dog my steps; I exist upon poisons, and my nourishment is scorn!

At my birth the nurse refused me suck; my mother saw me and became delirious; my father ordered that I should be stifled as a monster. The physicians saved my life—accursed be they for the act! One woman—she was old and childless—took compassion upon me; she reared and fed me.

I grew up—I asked for something to love; I loved everything: the common earth—the fresh grass—the living insect—the household brute; from the dead stone I trod on, to the sublime countenance of man, made to behold the stars, and to scorn me; from the noblest thing to the prettiest—the fairest to the foulest—I loved them all! I knelt to my mother, and besought her to love me—she shuddered. I fled to my father, and he spurned me!

The lowest minion of the human race, that had its limbs shapen and its countenance formed, refused to consort with me; the very dog (I only dared to seek out one that seemed more rugged and hideous than its fellows), the very dog dreaded me, and slunk away!

I grew up lonely and wretched; I was the reptile whose prison is the stone's heart, immured in the eternal penthouse of a solitude to which the breath of fellowship never came; girded with a wall of barrenness, and flint, and doomed to vegetate and batten on my own suffocating and poisoned meditations.

But while this was my heart's dungeon, they could not take from the external senses the sweet face of the Universal Nature; they could not bar me from commune with the voices of the mighty Dead. Earth opened to me her marvels, and the volumes of the wise their stores. I read—I mused—I examined—I descended into the deep wells of Truth—and mirrored in my soul the holiness of her divine beauty.

The past lay before me like a scroll; the mysteries of this breathing world rose from the present like clouds; even of the dark future, experience shadowed forth something of a token and a sign; and over the wonders of the world I hung the intoxicating and mingled spells of poesy and of knowledge.

But I could not without a struggle live in a world of love, and be the only thing doomed to hatred. "I will travel," said I, "to other quarters of the globe. All earth's tribes have not the proud stamp of angels and of gods, and among its infinite variety I may find a being who will not sicken at myself."

I took leave of the only one who had not loathed me—the woman who had given me food, and reared me up to life. She had now become imbecile, and doting, and blind; so she did not disdain to lay her hand upon my distorted head, and to bless me.

"But better," she said, even as she blessed me, and in despite of her dotage, "better that you had perished in the womb!" And I laughed with a loud laugh when I heard her, and rushed from the house.

One evening, in my wanderings, as I issued from a wood, I came abruptly upon the house of a village priest. Around it, from a thick and lofty fence of shrubs which the twilight of summer bathed in dew, the honeysuckle, and the sweetbriar, and the wild rose sent forth those gifts of fragrance and delight which were not denied even unto me. As I walked slowly behind the hedge, I heard voices on the opposite side; they were the voices of women, and I paused to listen. They spoke of love, and of the qualities which should create it.

"No," said one, and the words, couched in a tone of music, thrilled to my heart, "no, it is not beauty which I require in a lover; it is the mind which can command others, and the passion which would bow that mind unto me. I ask for genius and affection. I ask for nothing else."

"But," said the other voice, "you could not love a monster in person, even if he were a miracle of intellect and of love!"

"I could," answered the first speaker, fervently; "if I know my own heart, I could. You remember the fable of a girl whom a monster loved! I could have loved that monster.

And with these words they passed from my hearing; but I stole round, and through a small crevice in the fence, beheld the face and form of the speaker, whose words had opened, as it were, a glimpse of Heaven to my heart.

Her eyes were soft and deep, her hair, parting from her girlish and smooth brow, was of the hue of gold, her aspect was pensive and melancholy, and over the delicate and transparent paleness of her cheek, hung the wanness, but also the eloquence, of thought. To other eyes she might not have been beautiful; to mine her face was as an angel's.

Oh! lovelier far than the visions of the Carian, or the shapes that floated before the eyes of the daughters of Delos, is the countenance of one that bringeth to the dark breast the first glimmerings of hope!

From that hour my resolution was taken; I concealed myself in the wood that bordered her house; I made my home with the wild fox in the cavern and the shade; the daylight passed in dreams and passionate delirium, and at evening I wandered forth, to watch afar off her footstep; or creep through the copse, unseen, to listen to her voice; or through the long and lone night to lie beneath the shadow of her house, and fix my soul, watchful as a star, upon the windows of the chamber where she slept.

I strewed her walks with the leaves of poetry, and at midnight I made the air audible with the breath of music. In my writings and my songs, whatever in the smooth accents of praise, or the burning language of passion, or the liquid melodies of verse, could awaken her fancy or excite her interest, I attempted.

Curses on the attempt! May the hand wither! may the brain burn! May the heart shrivel, and parch like a leaf that a flame devours—from which the cravings of my ghastly and unnatural love found a channel, or an aid! I told her in my verses, in my letters, that I had overheard her confession.

I told her that I was more hideous than the demons which the imagination of a Northern savage had ever bodied forth; I was a thing which the daylight loathed to look upon; but I told her, also, that I adored her: and I breathed both my story and my love in the numbers of song, and sung them to the silver chords of my lute, with a voice which belied my form, and was not out of harmony with nature.

She answered me, and her answer filled the air, that had hitherto been to me a breathing torture, with enchantment and rapture. She repeated, that beauty was as nothing in her estimation—that to her all loveliness was in the soul. She told me that she could love me, be my form even more monstrous than I had portrayed it. Fool! miserable fool that I was, to believe her!

So, then, shrouded among the trees, and wrapped from head to foot in a mantle, and safe in the oath by which I had bound her not to seek to penetrate my secret, or to behold my form before the hour I myself should appoint arrived—I held commune with her in the deep nights of summer, and beneath the unconscious stars; and while I unrolled to her earnest spirit the marvels of the mystic world, and the glories of wisdom, I mingled with my instruction the pathos and the passion of love!

"Go," said she, one night, as we conferred together, and through the matted trees I saw—though she beheld me not—that her cheek blushed as she spoke; "Go, and win from others the wonder that you have won from me. Go, pour forth your knowledge to the crowd; go, gain the glory of fame—the glory which makes man immortal—and then come back, and claim me, I will be yours!"

"Swear it!" cried I.

"I swear!" she said; and as she spoke the moonlight streamed upon her face, flushed as it was with the ardor of the moment and the strangeness of the scene; her eye burned with a steady and steep fire—her lip was firm—and her figure, round which the light fell like the glory of a halo, seemed indistinct and swelling, as it were, with the determinate energy of the soul. I gazed—and my heart leaped within me; I answered not—but I stole silently away: for months she heard of me no more.

I fled to a lonely and far spot, I surrounded myself once with books. I explored once more the arcana of science; I ransacked once more the starry regions of poetry; and then upon the mute page I poured the thoughts and the treasures which I had stored within me!

I sent the product, without a name, upon the world: the world received it; approved it; and it became fame. Philosophers bowed in wonder before my discoveries; the pale student in cell and cloister pored over the mines of learning which I had dragged into day; the maidens in their bowers blushed and sighed, as they drank in the burning pathos of my verse.

The old and the young, all sects and all countries, united in applause and enthusiasm for the unknown being who held, as they averred, the Genii of wisdom and the Spirits of verse in mighty and wizard spells, which few had ever won, and none had ever blended before.

I returned to her, I sought a meeting under the same mystery and conditions as of old, I proved myself that unknown whose fame filled all ears and occupied all tongues.

Her heart had foreboded it already! I claimed my reward! And in the depth and deadness of night, when not a star crept through the curtain of cloud and gloom—when not a gleam struggled against the blackness—not a breath stirred the heavy torpor around us—that reward was yielded.

The dense woods and the eternal hills were the sole witnesses of our bridal; and girt with darkness as with a robe, she leaned upon my bosom, and shuddered not at the place of her repose!

Thus only we met, but for months we did meet, and I was blessed. At last, the fruit of our ominous love could no longer be concealed. It became necessary, either that I should fly with her, or wed her with the rites and ceremonies of man—as I had done amid the more sacred solemnities of nature.

In either case, disclosure was imperious and unavoidable; I took therefore that which gratitude ordained. Beguiled by her assurances—touched by her trust and tenderness — maddened by her tears — duped by my own heart—I agreed to meet her, and for the first time openly reveal myself—at the foot of the altar!

The appointed day came. At our mutual wish only two witnesses were present, besides the priest and the aged and broken-hearted father, who consented solely to our singular marriage because mystery was less terrible to him than disgrace. She had prepared them to see a distorted and fearful abortion, but—ha! ha! ha!—she had not prepared them to see me!

I entered; all eyes but hers were turned to me, a unanimous cry was uttered—the priest involuntarily closed the book, and muttered the exorcism for a fiend—the father covered his face with his hands, and sunk upon the ground—the other witnesses—ha! ha! ha! (it was rare mirth) rushed screaming from the chapel!

It was twilight—the tapers burned dim and faint—I approached my bride—who, trembling and weeping beneath her long veil, had not dared to look at me. "Behold me!" said I, "my bride, my beloved! behold thy husband!" I raised her veil—she saw my countenance glare full upon her—uttered one shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. I raised her not—I stirred not—I spoke not. I saw my doom was fixed, my curse complete; and my heart lay mute, and cold, and dead within me, like a stone!

Others entered, they bore away the bride. By little and little, the crowd assembled, to gaze upon the monster in mingled derision and dread; then I recollected myself and arose. I scattered them in terror before me, and uttering a single and piercing cry, I rushed forth, and hid myself in the wood.

But at night, at the hour in which I had been accustomed to meet her, I stole forth again. I approached the house, I climbed the wall, I entered the window; I was in her chamber. All was still and solitary; I saw not a living thing there; but the lights burned bright and clear.

I drew near to the bed; I beheld a figure stretched upon it—a taper at the feet, and a taper at the head—so there was plenty of light for me to see my bride. She was a corpse! I did not speak—nor faint—nor groan; but I laughed aloud. Verily, it is a glorious mirth, to behold the only thing one loves, stiff, and white, and shrunken, and food for the red, playful, creeping worm!

I raised my eyes, and saw upon a table near the bed something covered with a black cloth. I lifted the cloth, and beheld—ha! ha! ha!—by the foul fiend—a dead—but beautiful likeness of myself! A little infant monster! The ghastly mouth, and the laidly features—and the delicately, green, corpse-like hue—and the black shaggy hair—and the horrible limbs, and the unnatural shape—there—ha! ha!—there they were—my wife and my child!

I took them both in my arms—I hurried from the house—I carried them into the wood. I concealed them in a cavern—I watched over them—and lay beside them, and played with the worms—that played with them—ha! ha! ha!—it was a jovial time that, in the old cavern!

And so, when they were all gone but the bones, I buried them quietly, and took my way to my home. My father was dead, and my brothers hoped that I was dead also. But I turned them out of the house, and took possession of the titles and wealth.

And then I went to see the doting old woman who had nursed me; and they showed me where she slept—a little green mound in the churchyard—and I wept—oh, so bitterly! I never shed a tear for my wife—or—ha! ha! ha!—for my beautiful child!

And so I lived happily enough for a short time; but at last they discovered that I was the unknown philosopher—the divine poet whom the world rung of. And the crowd came—and the mob beset me—and my rooms were filled with eyes—big, staring eyes, all surveying me from head to foot—and peals of laughter and shrieks wandered about the air, like disembodied and damned spirits—and I was never alone again!

DON'T WORRY.—To regain or recover health, persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body. For a person to that he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated on the disease of another. It is found in the hospitals that the physicians and surgeons who make a speciality of a certain disease, are liable to die of it themselves; and the mental power is strong that people sometimes die of diseases which they only have in imagination. We have seen persons seasick in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known a person die of a cancer in the stomach when really he had no cancer or any other disease. A man blindfolded and slightly pricked in the arm has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death.

Therefore, persons in health, and desiring to continue so should at all times be cheerful and happy, and those who are ill should have their attention drawn as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved, and also by their faith, to a certain extent, they die. If a man wills not to die he can often live in spite of disease; and if he has little or no attraction to live he will slip away as easily as a child falls asleep.

THE LEOPARD MAN-EATER.

A VERY terrible but true tale of the loss of human life has been received from India. Upwards of one hundred and fifty poor natives in the Rajshye district (or county) of Lower Bengal have been killed by a leopard.

It is hardly necessary to say that the people of the villages, over an area of about forty square miles, in which the animal committed its ravages were reduced to a state of misery and terror until their enemy was slain.

The Government of Bengal during the past year has been spending hundreds of thousands of rupees to prevent the death of any of its native subjects from starvation or famine; but, so far as can be ascertained, the same Government only offered a reward of fifty rupees, instead of the ordinary reward of five rupees, for the destruction of this terrible leopard, which, towards the end of its career, was killing women and children at the rate of two or three a week.

The special interest and importance of the case is derived from the fact that a leopard is not usually addicted to taking human life. Everybody has heard or read stories of man-eating tigers; but in the records of Oriental sport and natural history, there is, I believe, no mention of a systematic man-eating leopard.

Wolves and jackals are well known as prowling about villages and carrying off little children almost before the eyes of their parents. The leopard has been always regarded as the chief enemy of goats and of poultry and of the village dogs. It has seldom tried to molest human beings who did not first interfere with it.

The late Mr. Wood, in his popular work on Natural History, thus describes the leopard: "In its own country the leopard is as crafty an animal as our British fox; and being aided by its active limbs and stealthy tread, gains quiet admission into many spots where a less cautious creature could not plant a step without giving an alarm. It is an inveterate chicken-stealer, creeping by night into the hen-roosts, in spite of the watchful dogs that are on their posts as sentinels, and destroying in one fell swoop the entire stock of poultry that happen to be collected under that roof. Even should they roost out of doors, they are less in danger, for the leopard can clamber up a pole or a tree with marvelous rapidity, and with his ready paw strikes down the poor bird before it is fully awakened."

From this quotation it may be seen that a leopard was looked upon by a generally well-informed English naturalist as little more than a large cat, the deadly enemy of poultry. But this is too favorable a view of its character. A leopard would prefer a goat or a sheep to a fowl if it could get them.

It will occasionally kill a calf if it finds the little animal without the protection of the mother-cow. It is very much addicted to killing dogs.

The annals of the Indian hill-stations, such as Simla and Mussoorie, contain many stories of the pet dogs of ladies being carried off before their eyes. Even a large dog of the Newfoundland breed has been known to tremble with fear at finding itself within scent of a leopard.

Any fierce dog, such as a mastiff or bulldog, on smelling a leopard, will rush to attack it; but a dog of this kind should always be furnished with a broad leathern or metal spiked collar, to protect its neck from the jaws of the leopard, which invariably tries to seize the dog by the back of the neck.

A leopard has been known to attack and severely wound a man who has gone to the rescue of his own kind, or fowls, or who has voluntarily waylaid and attacked the wild beast. But it is quite a new thing that a leopard should assail unoffending human beings and carry off their bodies to devour them at its leisure.

Tigers, especially man-eating tigers, are now seldom to be found; but leopards are still numerous in and about the villages of some parts of Lower Bengal, where the jungle, or undergrowth of shrubs and thorny plants, and the high grass afford them shelter.

It would indeed be a terrible thing if every leopard in Lower Bengal were to take to killing and eating children and women, after the manner of the beast which has been devastating the villages of Rajshye.

It was in the month of July 1890 that information was given to the Rajshye police that a girl aged four and a boy aged seven had been killed and eaten by a leopard. The report was at first not believed. It was rather suspected that the children had been murdered, or that jackals had carried them off.

But in August the villagers came again to the police and said that the leopard had been seen to kill a boy aged eight, and that on another day it had carried off a baby only six weeks old. Still the police and the superior authorities were incredulous, and nothing further occurred till December, when information was given that a boy of seven had been killed by a leopard.

The villagers persisted that it was one and the same leopard that had committed all these ravages. They described it as a large heavy-shouldered beast, with rather a short tail. There is much difference in the size of leopards; and when the skin of a dead leopard is measured from the tip of its snout to the end of its tail, the possessor of a long tail may be represented as a large animal, whereas its head and neck and body were really on a small scale.

Any one who looks at the leopards in their dens at the Zoological Gardens can see for himself how much the animals differ in size and substance. Be this as it may, the story of the villagers was soon confirmed by the renewal of the leopard's ravages; for in January 1891 there were no fewer than eight victims.

The following list shows how its depredations were continued. 1891—January, eight human beings; February, two; March, six; April, one; May, seven; June, six; July, seven; August, fourteen; September, twelve; October, twelve; November, ten; December, thirteen. 1892—January, fourteen; February, twenty-one; March, thirteen; April, one. It is probable that the number in April might have increased, but fortunately on the 6th of April the leopard was killed by a party of sportsmen, and there was an end of the destruction of human beings.

It will be observed that the old doctrine of not being bad all at once applies to the man-eating leopard. The natural fear of man deters it at first; but as it grows bolder in crime, it finds that it is exceedingly easy to kill a defenceless child or woman, whose delicate neck is crushed in an instant between its powerful jaws. There is no resistence; and it may be that the leopard soon finds that human flesh and blood are delicacies, such as they are said to be in the opinion of most cannibal tribes whose habits have been so minutely described by the adventurous travellers who have resided among them.

The first human being that the Rajshye leopard was known to have killed was a little girl about four years old. The child was playing in the courtyard of her parents' house, when just before sunset the leopard sprang upon her, and carried off the body into the nearest high-grass jungle, and was beginning to devour it, when the outcries of the assembled villagers caused it to leave the corpse. It would be monotonous to try to give the particulars of every separate victim.

The leopard usually made its attack about sunset. One evening a woman of thirty and her son of ten were returning from a neighboring market. The leopard sprang upon the boy; but the mother bravely ran to defend him, when the leopard seized her by the neck and killed her, and then carried off the boy's body into the jungle to devour it. This was seen by several other person returning from the market, who fled as fast as they could.

On another occasion a cowherd, on arising in the early morning, missed his mother, who had been sleeping in the same hut at a few yards' distance from him. When daylight appeared, he saw a naked body lying in the courtyard of the house, and he found that it was his mother's corpse. Her neck had been broken, and the leopard having sucked the blood, had left the body where it lay. The body was still warm, and the leopard had probably slunk off on seeing the son moving about.

The leopard seems hardly ever to have attacked a grown-up man, although it is stated that six grown-up men died in the course of the year from wounds received by them in attacking it and trying to rescue a victim.

It is hardly necessary to say that many attempts were made by different persons, European and native, to kill the leopard as soon as its ravages became notorious; but they were unsuccessful. The explanation given is that the leopard hid itself in the fields of high sugar-cane, which were impenetrable to man and elephant.

The sportsmen usually took out some elephants when they wanted to kill the leopard; but it is very little use to hunt for a leopard with two or three elephants; for the elephants may not be sent into the sugar-cane crops, and if there is no sugar-cane, a leopard can easily hide itself in the thick grass and scrub jungle so as to be invisible to the rider of an elephant.

It is true that on the day when the leopard was killed, there were nineteen elephants brought into the field, and they succeeded in driving it out, beating shoulder to shoulder, from a patch of high grass in which it was trying to hide itself. But the leopard was not found, or put up, by elephants.

A poor man, whose wife had been killed by the leopard, had seen the beast climbing up into a tree, and he ran to tell the sportsmen where it was. When it came down from the tree, it was easy to surround it; and after a considerable number of shots, the leopard was killed.

HUMORS OF SHORTHAND AND REPORTING.—A little pamphet dailed "The Humorous Side of Shorthand and Reporting," contains a number of entertaining stories of the mistakes that are so easily made by careless or ill informed persons in transcribing phonetic shorthand into the vulgar character.

The initial difficulty caused by using signs which represent sounds instead of letters seems to be a great stumbling-block.

You may be as explicit as you like, Mr. Thompson writes, as to the proper sounds of your long and short vowels, and may expound with the utmost clearness that each vowel can represent only one sound; it is of little use.

Some one or more of your pupils will to a certainty fall into the trap against which you have warned them. A smart little fellow once convulsed his sisters with laughter on reading the sentence, "This day is big with fate," as "This day is big with fat."

It was in another class that a juvenile scholar converted "it was a house of many gables" into "A house of many gabbles."

Then, again, the most serious consequences are found now and then to arise from a slight misplacement of a dot, placing it, for example, on the wrong side of a constant.

Mr. Reed, the well-known reporter, says, "I remember a student expressing great surprise when I pointed out to him that, instead of writing 'mighty acts,' he had written 'mighty cats.'"

This reminds one of the mistakes of the reporter who, instead of writing "Return a blow with a kiss," transcribed his note "Return a blow with an axe."

Then, again, learners sometimes come to grief over using a wrong vowel. Fancy the consternation of the teacher who, having told a pupil to write the sentence, "Man, know thyself," found that he had written, "Man gnaw thyself"!

A shorthand student once gave a letter of introduction to a friend to a gentleman who also understood phonography. The letter was written in shorthand. The stranger however received his would-be friend coolly and show the door. A little investigation explained the reason. The characters should have read, "Treat him like a trump," but the first friend had carelessly written, "Treat him like a tramp."

A young lady-learner was told to write "The man gave me three cases;" but, through using the short instead of the long vowel, she made it read, "The man gave me three kisses." Her blushes, when the error was pointed out to her, may be better imagined than described.

THOSE PROPHETS OF OLD.—How rich the following paragraph appears, which was originally printed in the "English Quarterly Review" in March, 1825: "We are not advocates for visionary projects that interfere with useful establishments. We scout the idea of a railroad as impracticable! * * * What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospects held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage coaches! We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as to put themselves at the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate."

A HAIRLESS HORSE.—A paper tells of a horse absolutely destitute of hair. Neither neck, tail nor any part of the body shows the least hirsute growth. The texture of the skin is silky and smooth; the color is almost a full black. The animal is of rather heavy type, and with his delicate surface does not produce any unpleasant impression. There are said to be two such horses known to exist in the country. The skin in one of these animals is affected curiously, the perspiratory function seeming to be absent. The horse does not sweat when exercised, and the mouth or nose seems to provide the escape for what would otherwise be true skin perspiration.

Scientific and Useful.

CLOAKS.—The officers of the German army are to have a new cloak, the novelty of which lies in the fact that by an ingenious device the cloak may be made thick or thin. It is adapted for winter or summer use.

PNEUMATIC TIRES.—An omnibus has been started in Glasgow furnished with pneumatic tires, which are protected from injury by sharp stones or glass by canvas and wire-wove netting. There is no jolting or jarring, and the noise is reduced to a minimum.

GLASS DOORS.—It has remained for a woman to invent and patent glass doors for ovens. The wonder is that the idea has not long ago been thought of by some woman who cooks. All cooking instructors lay the greatest stress on the care to be observed in opening an oven door to watch the progress of cakes or muffins.

A NEW IDEA.—The method adopted by an electric lighting company, of London, in laying their connections consists of copper strips conducted along their entire system in culverts underground. A terrier has been trained to do this work, and carries the electric wires through the culverts with the skill of an experienced workman.

ELECTRIC LAMPS.—There is said to be a firm in Munich that renews the filament of incandescent lamps by a process that costs considerably less than the operation of making new lamps. An opening is made in the glass globe at the upper end. The old filament is removed and a new one inserted, the latter being secured to the leading in wires by means of a new cement, which becomes a conductor when a current is passed through it. The lamp is sealed and exhausted as usual.

SAWDUST BUILDING BRICKS.—The sawdust is dried and screened, to remove the coarser particles, and is then mixed with cement, lime and sand in the following proportions. One part cement, two parts sawdust. The sawdust is first mixed dry with the cement and sand. The final mixture is pressed into blocks, which are said to be cheap and useful. There is as much lime and more than twice as much sand as sawdust in them.

Farm and Garden.

TEA FOR HORSES.—Competent authorities assert that tea is the best restorative for horses, the animals being quite revived after a hard day's work by a drink of weak tea with milk and sugar.

SHADE.—Don't forget that if you plant a tree for shade you will have the disadvantages of shade. The lawns, flower beds and gardens may suffer therefrom unless ample open space is reserved for them.

GRAIN.—The simple operation of throwing out grain to a flock of poultry may be done in a wrong manner. The whole flock should be given "fair play" by scattering the grain widely and on clean ground.

INSECTS.—To prevent insects from ascending trees from the ground, and prevent rats, mice and rabbits from attacking the trees, mix two parts of chloride of lime with one part of lard, and smear the mixture in a narrow band around each tree.

RATS.—Rats on the farm do great damage, and consume a large share of grain. Buildings that are liable to be invaded by rats should be so arranged that the cats can follow the rats to any point. Poisons are unsafe to use in the destruction of rats, as valuable animals may also be destroyed by it.

STOCK.—It is easy enough to keep stock in good condition while they have abundant pasture, but as soon as the grass begins to fail it requires some management to do it without undue cost. To provide against this contingency it is a good plan to have a field sown especially for late pasture with sweet corn, millet or something that will keep green after the natural pastures are exhausted.

WHEN THE SYSTEM IS RUN DOWN, and General Debility with Want of Appetite prevails, Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is well adapted to meet the patient's wants, whether child or adult. It overcomes acidity of the Stomach, and relieves Dyspepsia, aiding the digestive functions of the body, and restoring the normal strength. It is the best of Worm Medicines also, and rids the body of these distressing parasites. Get the large sized bottles when you want a Tonic.—Sold by all Druggists.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

About Reading.

It was a saying of Hobbes', that if he had read as other men, he would doubtless have shared their ignorance. An utterance so bold could only afford to be made by a man endowed with great capacities for independent thought, and possessed of the grand arrogance of genius.

Most of us, unless we have fallen into the lamentable error of believing that we are geniuses ourselves, have to be content with thinking over again the thoughts of other and greater minds than our own.

Happily, the existing tendency towards shorter hours of labor and the cheapening of books and papers affords more opportunity and increased facilities for reading. As to what it is we should read, much must be left to age and taste and habits of thought.

It may seem superfluous to say here that one cannot put old heads on young shoulders; yet it is a truth of which many parents require to be reminded, who are very anxious for their boys to "get on," and who deplore with uplifted eyes their offspring's fondness of "adventure books." That is the tendency in the average boy.

Occasionally, the precocity of genius asserts itself in a Goethe, a Shelley, or a Byron; but, speaking generally, childhood is mentally prone to follow after the new and the wonderful. It is a principle the operation of which should not be interfered with as long as a boy's excursions into the realm of fiction are kept within reasonable bounds.

The real dawn of literary taste is to be found in our nursery classics, the fairy tales of our childhood. No matter how old, how worldly-wise we become, the potent spell of those legends never loses its sweet away over our minds. They are often mercilessly mangled almost beyond recognition by the modern pantomime manager, their plot obscured by a bewildering splendor, and the simplicity of the favorite themes lost in a maze of magnificence; but however adapted and mutilated and expurgated, childhood has still a literature of its own. We remember that its scope was very limited, and that, far from familiarity breeding contempt, it wouldn't have been half the fun if we didn't know what was coming. How we used to listen times without number to the same old stories, laugh at the same old jokes, and cry at the same old points. Later "Robinson Crusoe" came and the "Swiss Family Robinson."

The next age shifts into the gorgeous imaginings of the "Arabian Nights," which fixed on the retina of our memory images of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, who helped the benevolent Genius to bring old Scrooge back to sympathy and friends. But as we grew older the wants of our nature widened, and we found to our anxiety that we were growing out of our books just as we had grown out of our clothes.

It is the period immediately following that marks a most important epoch in intellectual life, for then it is that its future is to a great extent moulded.

Habits are contracted and characters formed early in life, and it is probable that the color of a person's reading is mainly determined during the time of hobble-dehoydom, when he is in process of passing from the limp and lanky school-boy to the set and rigid man.

Just at this time is a most critical period in his career, for now it is that he obtains a new outlook into life. Previously, he has been concerned with the miniature world of school, and looked at the greater world only with the eyes of a school-boy. But now, entering a business or a profession, he enters into a larger life, and begins to look about him with an air of deeper inquiry. And the more he reads of contemporary literature the worse does he become, for the air is thick with controversy; nothing is too sacred to be contradicted, and the spirit of "sweet reasonableness" seems to be dead.

In choice of reading there are two cardinal principles which should ever be borne in mind—first, that it is necessary to keep fairly abreast of the principal thought and news of the time; and second, that it is essential, in order to a right estimate of present events, to cull at any rate some of the choicest flowers of the literature and history of the past. To keep fairly apace with general thought, literature and news, newspapers and the weekly journals are indispensable, though too much attention cannot be paid to Emerson's advice in this regard—to learn the art of quickly and profitably assimilating their contents. To be for ever wrapped up in a newspaper, and to depend entirely on it for mental sustenance, is truly a humiliating position for people "heirs of all the ages, foremost in the ranks of time;" but it is a common one, for there are thousands who, never reading much or anything else, are content to let their intellects starve in the midst of plenty. It is indeed this very plenty which is so embarrassing. The majority of people who read at all, read too much and think too little, falling into the error to which Schopenhauer alludes when he says that the safest way of having no thoughts of our own is to take up a book every moment we have nothing to do.

But, though nobody has a right to prescribe the books for another to read, a direction may be indicated which experience has proved it is desirable to take. That direction may be briefly pointed out as the one which contains the best reading that contains instruction, with entertainment and morality. In fact, once this taste for the best is cultivated, any other than it will pall upon the ear and fail to satisfy the mind.

AN author, no less eminent than judicious, makes the following distinction between the words "innocence," "wisdom," and "virtue." Innocence consists in doing no harm, and occasioning no trouble to society. Wisdom consists in being attentive to one's true interest; in distinguishing it from a seeming interest; in a right choice and a constant adherence to it. Virtue goes farther; it loves the good of society, and often prefers it to its own advantages.

THERE is a way of doing good in the world, on a small scale, that is scarcely appreciated. A man who educates one child faithfully may effect a work of greater benevolence than one who has won the name of a philanthropist. The love concentrated on a family may produce richer fruits than that which embraces the world. Its action is more intense and invisible, but its results may go abroad and leaven the whole mass of a community.

To attain to a generous courtesy, more even than good-sense and good-nature is necessary; some self-denial must be practised, not with a view of obtaining services in return, as some cynics would have us believe, but because a handsome courtesy surely is twice blessed, breeding in return that reciprocal kindness which we conceive of as governing the behavior of the angels themselves.

ONE cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despondency, and a host of evil passions, may lurk around the door, they may even look within, but they can never enter and abide there; the cheerful face will put them to shame and flight.

THE most momentous question a woman is ever called upon to decide is whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

THE grand essentials to happiness in this life are said by a good man to be—something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

IT is not when you feel best that you are best, but when you suffer most and most patiently under trials and misfortunes.

KIND, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman, and of a true man also.

THERE is no virtue so great and godlike as justice.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

C. P.—The carrier-pigeon has certainly flown long distances at rates of speed ranging from sixty up to eighty miles an hour together.

MARY BLANE.—There is no meaning in the fact of the eyebrows meeting across the top of the nose; it is not a beauty, neither is it a blemish; some faces look very well with it.

FLORA.—A little carbonate of soda put into a vase containing freshly-cut flowers will help to preserve them for a week or ten days. Saltpeter can also be used for the same purpose.

SUE.—R. S. V. P. on the invitation means to answer saying whether you mean to accept the invitation. The initials represent the French words "Responder, s'il vous plait"—reply, if you please.

ÆSCULAPIUS.—The Hippocratic oath was an engagement made in classic times between young men entering into the practice of medicine. The formula was ascribed to Hippocrates, "the Father of Medicine."

BERTHA.—"Con amore" means literally with love, though it is more usually expressive of eagerness or animation; a person is said to do a thing "con amore" when he does it with right good will, or his whole heart, as it were.

JANET.—Lochinvar pronounced as if spelled lok-in-var, the accent on the last syllable, is a lake of Scotland, the circuit of which is three miles. The castle of the Gordons, Knights of Lochinvar, was built on an island in the lake.

W. S.—The name "Indian" was given to the inhabitants of America by Columbus from his belief that the country which he had discovered was an extension of India, the country known to occupy the extreme of the eastern hemisphere.

TIMID TINY.—1. The serpent's "prong" is a picturesque fable. The reptile has a cloven tongue, and that is the object which earlier portrait painters magnified into the ridiculous fork seen issuing from the jaws of the druggist dummy and the showman's model. Such of the serpents as are poisonous inject the poison into the blood of their victims by their teeth. 2. An adder will bite any assailant.

LILLIAN.—Eurydice, in Greek mythology, was the wife of Orpheus. She died from the bite of a serpent, and her husband followed her into the regions below, where Pluto, charmed by the lyre of Orpheus, gave him permission to take her back to earth, on condition that he would not look behind him while ascending; but overcome by love or doubt he glanced back to her as they were about to pass the bounds of Hades, and saw her disappearing.

KIDDIE.—Goats are not peculiar to any particular part of the world. They are found in all climates. The Cashmere goat of Thibet is very valuable, having long, straight, fine hair, as is also the Angora goat of Asia Minor, whose hair is also fine and silky, but it is curly and shorter than that of the Cashmere goat. From the hair of white goats are made the large wigs worn by judges in England. Knife-handles are made of goats' horns. The celebrated Cashmere shawls are made from the hair of the goats so named.

ABSTAINER.—Alcohol is obtained by the fermentation of sugar or other saccharine matter; though it is possible to obtain pure alcohol, it is perhaps correct to say there is no such thing known to everyday experience. Proof spirit contains 57.37 per cent. of alcohol. When a spirit is said to be above proof it contains a greater percentage of alcohol; thus rectified spirits of wine is 54 to 56 over proof, and requires 54 to 56 per cent. of water to be added to bring it down to proof. Common whisky and brandy contain 50 to 52 per cent. of alcohol and are, therefore, about half water and half alcohol.

DIDYMUS.—Burns' "Highland Mary" was no myth, but a real personage—Mary Campbell, daughter of a sailor near Dunoon. She was a domestic servant, and the suggestion is that Burns met her when she was acting as nursemaid to the family of Gavin Hamilton. Burns and she met on the banks of the Ayr on May 14th, 1786, where they exchanged Bibles as a mark of betrothment, and Mary agreed to marry Burns and accompany him to Jamaica, where he was to act as the overseer of an estate. She spent the summer months in necessary preparations with her parents at Campbelltown, but having caught fever from a brother whom she nursed in Greenock, died there in October, 1786.

EXCELSIOR.—Set aside about six of the last pages of your scrap-book, which should not be too large. Rule these in four columns each, and you have twenty-four letters, which space out, one column for X, Y, Z, three for K, and so on, according to the force and frequency of the letters. There, then, is your index, which wanting, a scrap-book is a bore, a trouble, a deceit. Cut out your newspaper scraps very neatly; stick poetry in one portion, statistics, crime, curiosities and other memorabilia, wise sentences, Biblical interpretations, in another. Directly a scrap is pasted in, index it under the initial letter of first noun, and then there will be easy reference and no confusion. Thus, "A Courageous Woman;" woman will be indexed; and a beautiful, long-lived, clever, or bad woman, will all came under the heading. Here is the key to a proper Index Rerum, and most amusing book, useful upon many emergencies, and in its way eminently educational. Yours is indeed a high estimate of our value and office.

OLD DREAMS.

BY OECIL LORRAINE.

Let us dream those dreams again,
That were ours so long ago,
When our hearts were free from pain,
And our heads untouch'd by snow.
When we rov'd the gay among,
Culling all life's sweetest flow'rs,
When we two were blythe and young,
Let those dreams once more be ours.

And together on life's way
Let us travel to the end;
Grieving not for vanished May,
Hailing Autumn as our friend.
And those hearts that lov'd in vain,
Parted now no more shall be;
Let us dream our dreams again,
Loving to Eternity!

"The Gates of the Reie."

BY S. U. W.

IN that Venice of Flanders, that city of bridges, Bruges, there still exists an underground canal, known to the inhabitants as the Reie. Its dark and silent path lies far beneath the streets and among the fountains of many an old house; it flows from one of the outer canals, and the entrance to its gloomy course—which is through a low archway in the wall of a house—is guarded by double iron gates with bars forged and twisted into fantastic shapes and browned with the rust of ages. The house under which the Reie passes is too old to be habitable, and in parts the walls are crumbling away. Here and there ruddy-brown creepers climb over the stones, and green ferns grow out of the crevices close to the water's edge. Round the gates are clustered quaint houses, with peaked, uneven roofs, and in the distance, to complete the beauty of the scene, rises the belfry.

"What a scene for an artist to paint!" are the words that involuntarily rise to one's lips; so it was, and so thought a young painter, Randolph Dollomer, who sat on the bridge that overlooked the entrance to the Reie and sketched the scene just described. He was an Englishman, fair, fat, and a little more than the half of forty, with a round, jolly face, a face which, though it could not boast of good looks, was strikingly frank and genial. In front of him stood a man dressed in the picturesque garb of a fisherman; he was leaning back against the wall in a lazy attitude, and altogether made a charming figure to the foreground of Dollomer's picture.

Randolph Dollomer had painted the whole afternoon, and now, as the sun began to set, folded up his large white umbrella, collected his materials, and walked slowly home. He appeared to be in deep thought, and now and then stroked his fair moustache, which action is nearly always a sign that a man is thinking over some weighty matter. On reaching his rooms, he still continued to cogitate until his brother Frank came in.

"Well, Ran," he asked, "how is the picture progressing?"

"Oh, first-rate! I've a capital figure for my foreground, just the right man—handsome face, picturesque costume, and good figure—but in spite of all that, he has made me feel first of all wretched, and then in a hopeless state of uncertainty, for he reminded me of an unfortunate affair; but now I think I have found a way out of the difficulty."

"Why, what do you mean? Please don't speak in riddles, old chap," said Frank, who was a lawyer, and who liked everything to be cut and dried for him and to the point.

"Sit down, and then I will tell you. First of all, do you remember Sapin, that unfortunate man who was imprisoned for stealing my watch, and how they found out afterward that he had never taken it at all, and that he had been mistaken for another man?"

"Yes, I remember that."

"Well, he is the same man I am painting into my picture. I found him wandering about the streets and looking very ill, and being struck with his picturesque figure, I went up to him, and lo, behold! it was Sapin; I recognised him at once, but I am thankful to say he does not remember me. But, Frank, the wretched man is starving, absolutely starving; so, considering the fussy little French gendarmes and myself were the direct cause of his being arrested and imprisoned unjustly, the least I can do is to make amends for it. Now, this afternoon, as I sat dabbling, I concocted a plan in my head. It is this—the Count has promised me 800 francs for the picture, and with 125 francs out of it I intend to purchase Sapin a boat and make him a musselman—I don't mean a Mohammmedan, but a dealer in mussels. I know it's a rattling good trade, when once a man has his boat and a few francs to start with. What do you think of the idea, Frank?"

For some minutes there were silence, then the elder brother ejaculated—

"Good heavens, Ran! What on earth put such an idea into your head? It's too absurd. In the first place, to put it mildly, you can't afford to throw away your money in this manner, as if you were a millionaire; in the second place, you are not responsible for this fellow—what did you say his name was? Sapin, ah, yes, Sapin—you are not responsible for Sapin's misfortune in being mistaken for another man, and imprisoned for that man's theft. Every circumstance was against Sapin, and the verdict could not have been otherwise; but there was no fault of yours, it was simply his bad luck. Don't you see, old chap, that this sudden outburst of generosity is as impracticable as it is misplaced? Why, for all you know, the fellow may be an arrant scoundrel, and I only wish to goodness that you had never heard of the mistake that was made."

But Randolph could not see the force of his brother's arguments, he was by nature impulsive and generous, extremely sympathetic, and unlike his brother, was delightfully vague on business matters; so the result was that he was unwisely generous without knowing it. He went out into the cool street—the atmosphere of the room seemed to stifle him—and argued his plan out with himself, intensifying the facts of the case, seeing them as through a magnifying glass, and finally convincing himself that it was clearly his duty to aid Sapin, and that there was no way of doing so except by adopting the plan he had just expounded to his brother; and it remains to seen how that plan was carried out.

The next morning was gloriously fine, and Randolph started out for a morning's painting. He was in the happiest of moods as he walked through the streets, for his picture seemed now to have a new interest for him, as it was to be the medium for helping Sapin. A few minutes later, and he was absorbed in painting the figure that sat before him.

An hour passed away in silence, and nothing was heard but the occasional scrape of Randolph's stool as he stepped back to study some effect.

"Monsieur," said Sapin, timidly, as Randolph was just starting home, "would monsieur the artist like to row through the Reie? He would then be able to see the gates which he is painting close to, for I have a boat which is quite at monsieur's service."

"A boat!" exclaimed Randolph, in an agony of mind that some one had forestalled him and given Sapin the boat; "how did you get it?"

"A neighbor," replied Sapin, "has promised to lend me his for one day only. Alas, I have no boat of my own!"

Randolph was relieved. "That is just the kind of thing I should like to do, Sapin, but you must wait until this picture is finished, and then I will come any day you like, You must be here again to-morrow, as usual, and I think that will be for the last time. Good-day!" and Sapin, all smiles, bid monsieur the artist a very good day.

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Three weeks had passed away. Much may happen in three weeks, but the days during which Randolph painted his picture came and went without any change, each one like the last. Sapin, though he was no longer required as a model, was still to be seen on the bridge, hovering round Randoph and watching him as he painted; he seemed to know that Randolph was his friend. At the end of the three weeks Randolph had finished his picture, which he named "The Gates of the Reie." Fondly and carefully he wrapped it in paper and bore it to the Count's house. His interview there had evidently been a success, for he returned home radiant and flushed with excitement.

"Frank," he said, "the Count seemed pleased with the picture. He said it was magnifique, quite a chef d'œuvre, which shows he doesn't know know anything about it. But he is a nice old chap; he has commissioned me to paint a scene near the Minnewater; and, lastly, has given me 900 francs for my picture."

"Well done, Ran—my congratulations," said Frank, jumping up and looking mightily pleased.

"So now," continued, Randolph "I shall be able to buy Sapin his boat."

"The deuce you will!" exclaimed Frank, thoroughly angry; "you'll do nothing of the sort. If you give a farthing to that man, I will return to England and leave you here."

"And I," rejoined Randoph chaffingly, "will continue to flourish here as painter in ordinary to his highness the Count d'Ourly; and when I have a few moments to spare, I shall think of the brother who so cruelly deserted me. But, seriously, I must give Sapin the boat—I consider that it is my bounden duty."

Frank saw that it was useless to argue with his brother in his present mood, so he promptly pretended to give in, and inwardly resolved to find some way of preventing the boat being bought.

"By-the-by," said Randolph presently, "Sapin is to row me through the Reie this afternoon, and I suppose you won't object to my bringing him here afterwards; I shall then give him the money, as he will be able to choose the boat better than I can."

"I have no objection to the man coming," said Frank; "but surely you're not going to wander about underground canals with those cheques on you?"

"I had quite forgotten them," said Randolph. "I'll put them in this drawer—three, six, nine hundred, that's right; they will be quite safe there," and then he left the house.

When he had gone Frank paced the room. "Sheer waste of money, I call it!" he muttered to himself. "No, I just won't allow Ran to do it, and, by Jove, I'll find a way to prevent him!"

A few minutes later Randolph returned. "I came back to see if you would come with me; it will do you good, as you're not looking very well." So the two brothers went out together.

Sapin stood in the doorway of his house. He had evidently expected to see only Randolph, for, pointing to Frank, he said, "I fear there will not be room in the boat for the other monsieur."

"And why not?" asked Randolph.

"Ah, be it far from me," replied Sapin, "to interfere or inconvenience messieurs, but, unfortunately the boat is small, and it might perhaps upset if overcrowded."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Frank. "Lead the way, my good man, and then we can judge for ourselves whether the boat is large enough."

So entering a house lower down the street, Sapin lighted a torch and led the way down to the cellars, then cautiously descended a slippery flight of steps till he came to a heavy iron door; he unlocked it, drew back the bolts, and the door swung open, revealing by the flickering torchlight a dark stream of water flowing silently between the damp walls. At the foot of the steps was the boat in question. It was certainly small, but quite large enough to hold three men.

"Why, there's plenty of room," said Randolph, stepping in.

"Ah, it shall be as monsieur wishes; but the boat is very small," said Sapin, shrugging his shoulders with that gesture of forlorn hope as only Frenchmen can. So when he saw that Frank was determined to come, he handed the torch to Randolph, and, taking the oars, rowed silently through the darkness.

It was icily cold, and both brothers involuntarily buttoned up their coats, for the damp atmosphere seemed to penetrate to the very bone; dampness reigned supreme everywhere, damp oozed out in thick streams from the walls on either side, and it was damp that fell with a monotonous drip, drip, from the vaulted roof overhead. It was a weird and curious journey, the cold was most intense, a death-like stillness prevailed, and ghost-like shadows from the torchlight flitted against the walls. Randolph tried the effect of a subdued "Hullo!" "Lo!" repeated the echo in a hollow voice far away, and then—as though it had lost its way in the winding passage—it feebly echoed itself again and again among the clammy walls, and finally died away in the distance.

Gradually a half moon of light appeared at the end of the passage. It was the entrance, and in a few minutes they were close to the gates, enjoying the warm air that rushed through the archway. There were two gates, an inner and outer one, and Sapin, drawing from his pocket a large key, unlocked the inner gate, and, backing the boat, threw it open. He then turned to Randolph.

"Monsieur will pardon me, but if he will stand on the ledge"—he pointed to a narrow ledge just above the water and running between the two gates—"he will see a beautiful view up the canal. I know monsieur is fond of beautiful scenes, and I opened the gate so that he might see better."

Randolph stepped on to the ledge, and, peering through the bars, was soon lost in admiration over the lovely scene before him. Frank sat idly in the boat—lovely scenery was not in his line, he had felt rather bored, and now wished that he had stayed at home, for he did not relish the thought of returning through that cold subterranean passage and——But here his thoughts were interrupted by the boat giving a sudden lurch forward, and then followed a tremendous clang, the clang of a gate being violently closed to. He turned round in time to see his brother a prisoner between the gates, and at the same moment he saw Sapin wrench the key from the lock and throw it far away into the canal.

The two brothers were completely taken by surprise. Frank was the first to recover from his astonishment. He shook Sapin roughly by the arm.

"Open that gate at once!" he said, sharply.

Sapin laughed—his laugh was not pleasant to hear—and said, "That is not possible, it can only be opened with the key."

"What do you mean by this? why did you shut the gate?" cried Frank, furiously.

"What do I mean?" replied Sapin; "I mean that that man there caused me to be imprisoned for a theft which I never committed. The time I was in prison was not long, but it was long enough to make me lose my character and my place as ferryman. I had to leave my town disgraced. Monsieur the artist thought I did not know him; he deceived himself, I knew him the moment he spoke to me, but I took care not to show it; I waited my time and chose my day well. I am a Corsican, and a Corsican always bides his time and never forgets an injury; and now I am I am rewarded"—here his eyes perfectly danced with triumph—"for that man's imprisonment between the gates will not last long as mine—but it will be very different to mine."

"I don't understand what you are driving at," said Frank severely; for he saw that the matter was fast becoming serious. "But one thing I do know, that unless you find a way to open that gate, and pretty quickly too, it will be the worse for you."

"Monsieur does not understand," said Sapin, quite calmly. "I will explain. If monsieur will watch that fern growing close to the water's edge, he will understand what I meant when I said that monsieur the artist's imprisonment would not be for long."

Frank saw nothing unusual in the fern; nevertheless he watched it closely.

In the meanwhile Randolph, a prisoner between the gates, was standing in a half-stooping position on account of the lowness of the doorway, and, watching his brother and Sapin, wondered what they would do. He was sad at heart, for he had seen the collapse of his pet scheme, as the man whom he wished to do so much for was now changed either into a madman or a scoundrel, whose one idea was revenge.

And Frank still watched the fern; he saw the leaves just tip the water, he watched them float for a brief moment on the top, and then he saw them disappear under the dark water. It was enough, He now understand the full force of Sapin's threat, and now for the first time the horrible position his brother was in flashed across him; for he saw that the water was steadily rising, and he knew that a sluice was being opened somewhere higher up the canal, and that in a very short time the underground canal must be flooded. He sprang to his feet with an exclamation of horror, and, seizing his stick, would have rained blows upon Sapin, when he recovered himself in time.

"What a fool I am, to be sure!" he muttered, throwing the stick into the boat; "the only thing to be done is to stop the sluice being raised any further; and if I injured this miserable wretch, I should never find my way back alone."

"Good-bye, Ran, old fellow!" he called out; "don't lose heart. I'm going back to get the sluice stopped." Then he took the oars and rowed back with all his might.

"Good-bye!" shouted Randoph after him. "I am afraid my plan has been a wretched failure after all."

Faster and faster rowed Frank, and yet how interminable seemed the distance. A sickening feeling of dread came over him that he would be too late to save his brother, for the canal was now getting terribly full. Sapin sat sullenly in the stern of the boat. How he hated Frank for coming, for had he not done so he could have escaped so easily, but now he would probably be handed over to the gendarmes as soon as he landed, he dreaded the idea, not from fear, he was

too cool and calculating for that, but from a feeling of disappointment at being caught so easily.

At length they reached the iron door. "Quick, the key!" gasped Frank, for he was painfully out of breath with the hard rowing. Without a word Sapin produced it, and Frank dashed up the step out into the street and across the Grand Place, down more streets and over bridges—on he rushed, panting and exhausted. "Faster, faster!" he kept repeating to himself, and even the chimes from the belfry seemed to repeat the same words. Would he never reach the sluice? The dentellieres at their doorways started up and looked after him wonderingly as he tore by, racing for dear life—for his brother's life. Down one more streets and over a bridge, and then the sluice. An old man was standing idly by smoking his pipe. It was too late—Frank had run in vain, for the sluice was open, open to its very fullest, and the waters swirled through! Then once more the chimes from the belfry rang out; to one it seemed as though they were tolling slowly and solemnly, for the water-gates of the Reie were no longer visible—the water eddied through, above, and around them.

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Such was the tragedy that took place at the Gates of the Reie; and so it happened that there was no fulfilment of Randolph Dollomer's plan. The picture he painted still hangs in the Count's house, admired by all who see it. "Yes," says the Count as he shows the picture to his guests, "the man who painted that was a genius, and would have made a great name had he lived. What! have you not heard of his tragic end?"—and, as he points first to the picturesque figure in the foreground of the painting and then to the gates—the gates of the Reie—we know that he is telling them the same sad story we have just heard.

And Sapin—he had accomplished his long-planned vendetta and now he was satisfied; but with the next morning came his just punishment. Before he reached the frontier he was captured, and this time his imprisonment was for the term of his natural life.

The Simpleton.

BY T. C.

"QUIET to ride and drive."

Such was "The Simpleton's" recommendation in the auctioneer's list, and this it was which induced Harry Wentworth, farmer, of Bromford, to attend the auction next day in the adjoining market-town of Esseleton. "I reckon I'm about as good a judge of horse flesh as any man in these parts," he said to his wife; "and if this mare is fit, I'll have her. I want a quiet animal for you and the youngsters to drive; but she'll have to carry me sometimes; and if she can't put on the pace a bit, I shan't buy her."

The animal's appearance favorably impressed him. Harry Wentworth, though rather too fond of sounding his own praises, was not—as are many whose good points would be lost to the world were they themselves dumb—and the auctioneer's laudations fell on deaf ears when Harry sallied forth to purchase horse-flesh or cattle.

"I don't want other folk to judge for me, or to tell me what's what," he was wont to say; "I've got brains and eyes, and, thank Heaven, I know how to use 'em both."

The auctioneer was an honest man. "There's just one point about the mare, gentlemen," said he, "that I may as well tell you of before we begin. I like fair-play, and I don't want a man to come to me in a day or two, and say: 'You took me in over that animal: she won't do this,' or 'she does the other.' Now that mare, gentlemen, is perfectly sound in wind and limb. She hasn't a single vice about her; but, as I say, there's just one thing some of you may consider a failing: she won't take a fence of any sort. And the reason is this. Her present owner rode her in the hunt nearly all last season; and one day, after taking several gates and hedges in grand style, she landed her master and herself in a steep pool, and they had a hard struggle for it, I can warrant you. He's often tried to coax her to jump since, but she always refuses, and that, gentlemen, caused him to name her 'The Simpleton.' 'What's in a name,' gentlemen? Well, I've explained it to you in this case. I may add that Colonel Phillimore is heartily sorry to part with her; as his regiment is ordered abroad, he is thinning the ranks of his favorites.—Now, gentlemen, what shall I say for the mare?" And so on.

After several minutes of spirited bidding, "The Simpleton" was knocked down to Mr. Wentworth for a good round sum, and he almost repented his expensive purchase when the excitement of competition was over, and immediately resolved himself into a committee of ways and means to see if he could cut down his expenses in certain quarters, in order to make up for "this piece of extravagance," as he called it.

"I reckon I'm the simpleton," he told himself in confidence, as he handed his cheque to the auctioneer.

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Scene—the bar-room of "The Sow's Ear" at Bromford. Time—8 P. M. Dramatis personæ—Tom Lawford, otherwise "Lazy Tom," and "Daft Sammy;" or, to be more exact, Samuel Barrett—the former a young man, till lately in the employ of Harry Wentworth, but discharged by that worthy for persistent idleness.

His companion, Daft Sammy, was about fifty-five, or, it may be sixty years of age: a small evil-looking man, with cunning gray eyes, and an habitual sneer on his unpleasant countenance. He was the village fool, but shrewd enough where his own interests were concerned, and in reality more rogue than a fool.

On this particular evening, Lazy Tom, sauntering through the village, met Sammy, and secured his good-will for an indefinite period by inviting him to partake of a glass of beer, or anything he liked, as he generously put it, in the bar-room of "The Sow's Ear." To Sammy's astonishment, but not less to his gratification, he had not one glass only, but several; and having carefully thought his plan out beforehand, Tom, seizing a fitting opportunity, opened fire.

"Ah, you're right, Sammy, my boy," said he: "times is 'ard an' work is scarce, an' folks is a' starvin'. I daresay now, if a friend was to give you a chance of makin' up for some o' your misfortins, you'd be much obliged to that friend, eh?"

"Try me," said Sammy, with a knowing leer.

"Well, maybe I will try you," said Tom, "maybe I will. I've taken a likin' to you, Sammy, an' I'd like to do you a good turn."

"Ay, ay, an' Tom Lawford at the same time, I'll be bound," returned the old man. "Ah! now, you're a 'cute un, ain't you?" he added admiringly. "What game be you up to now?"

"Sh! Can't you speak quietly?" said the 'cute un, glancing round cautiously. Then, seeing the coast was clear, he drew his chair nearer to Sammy's, and whispered: "You knows the color o' gold, I suppose, Sammy?"

The restless gray eyes lit up with the fire of avarice. "Gold" he muttered—"gold, gold, yellow gold!" his voice rising higher and higher, till his companion roughly shook his arm. "What was you a-sayin' of Mr. Lawford?"

"You're an old fool," said Lawford savagely. "If you can't keep your tongue quiet, you won't smell it even, let alone see it."

"All right, Mr. Lawford—all right; I won't make no noise. What is it?"

"Well, look 'ere, Sammy," said Tom impressively, laying his hand on the other's arm; "I'll tell you; but mind, if you wags that clapper o' yourn to anybody about it, you'll not only lose your share o' that gold you likes so much, but maybe you'll get a good deal o' what you don't like at all: you knows what I mean?"

"Ay, I understand, Mr. Lawford," said Sammy submissively, and turning pale at the threat.

"That's right, then. Well"—and Tom glanced uneasily round the room again, and went on in a hoarse whisper: "You knows Farmer Wentworth, Sammy?"

"Yes," responded Sammy.

"An' I daresay you knows the bank at Esseleton, in the High Street?"

Yes, Sammy knew that too.

"Lor, how thirsty I be; 'ave a drop more, Sammy."

Not until Sammy had twice seen the bottom of his glass did Tom Lawford proceed.

"Now, Sammy, I places a great deal o' faith in your intelligence, an' I don't think you needs to have things explained very much: you seems to see right through 'em at once, like, eh?"

"You're right there, Tom Lawford," agreed Sammy, adopting a more familiar tone under the influence of the liquor Tom had primed him with. "I can see about as fur through a brick well as most folk."

"Yes, I know'd it.—Listen to me, then. Farmer Wentworth's goin' to take a bag o' gold to the bank next Tuesday, an' it haven't got to get there.—D'ye twig?"

Oh yes, Sammy "twigged," but he had his doubts. "I don't see how we be to manage it, Tom," was his answer; "farmer's a rough chap, an' carries a heavy ridin'-whip, an'—p'r'aps"——

"Then let somebody else see for you, if you can't see for yourself," Tom interrupted. "D'ye think I spoke to you afore I made my plans? Not likely. We can't do it by ourselves, nor in the open.—Here, I may as well tell you straight away, or you'll be a'inderin' me wi' your opinions, if I tells you bit by bit. I ha' bin thinkin, it over ever since Harry Wentworth turned me off, Sammy, 'ow I might 'ave a bit o' that yellow stuff as 'e takes to the bank every now an' agen. It don't matter to you where I 'eard it, but there's a bit more'n usual goin' to Esseleton next Tuesday, an' I thinks to meself, "Tom Lawford, you're out o' work, an' a bit o' that tin 'ud come in useful." Then I wondered 'ow I'd do it, an' who'd 'elp me, an' I thought o' you, Sammy, amongst others. You're pretty strong, though you be so small, an' you ain't perticklar, I knows, when you're well paid, be you?"

"No," said Sammy, 'p'r'aps not; leastways, if it don't get me into trouble."

"Ah! you're precious careful about that old carcase o' yourn, I knows," sneered Tom. "It'll be a pretty good lump," he added, as though referring to Sammy's diminutive figure; "an' if he gets it, Tom Lawford won't be seen around 'ere for a long time to come. But you an' the rest can't 'ook it so easy; we should 'ave the bobbies down on us directly. They won't s'pect me, 'owever; I'll leave word I've got a place somewhere. There's Jack Smith an' Dirty Micky, an' three or four fellows as is down 'ere from Brummagem, an' as we've got to do it by daylight, we'll 'ave to disguise ourselves an' alter our clothes a bit, or we'll get copped as sure as you're sittin' in that chair."

"There ain't goin' to be no murder, is there?" queried Sammy fearfully.

"Murder? No, of course not," replied Lawford; "not if we can manage without it," he added to himself.

"You knows the old spinny, Sammy—"the plantation," as the Squire calls it—with a private road runnin' through it?"

"Ay, ay," said the old man.

"Well, that's where we're goin' to do the trick, Sammy, my boy. Squire give Harry Wentworth leave to use it, 'cause it's a short-cut. There's a five-barred gate at each end o' the road, an' when Farmer Wentworth—curse him!—comes through the one gate, 'e 'll be betwixt the two gates, won't 'e, Sammy?"

"For certain," Sammy replied.

"An' 'e'll 'ave the spinny on each side on 'im, an' a 'orse under 'm—which means as 'e can't get through it—won't 'e, Sammy?"

Sammy nodded acquiescence.

"An' that ain't all," said Lawford, rubbing his hands, and chuckling over his plot; "for when 'e comes through the fust gate, an' gets near the second, 'e'll see a deputation o' four on us ready to wait on 'im."

"Then he'll turn back," said Sammy.

"Yes, o' course 'e will, Sammy, an' 'e'll find four more on us gents at t' other gate."

"You'll be a-hidin' in the spinny, I s'pose."

"That's it, an' we shall ha' things o' this sort," Tom continued, touching a thick oak stick; "an' when 'e sees as there's no way out on it, 'e'll cuss an' swear a bit, an' then shell out. Then we shall tie 'im up, or 'e'll be at Esseleton in a twinklin', an' bring the p'leece after us."

"You tie Harry Wentworth up! Ha, ha, ha!" and Sammy laughed as loudly as he dared at the idea.

"No, ye daft coon, not me, nor you, but eight on us."

"'E might jump off, an' get away through the spinny," said Sammy.

"'E won't leave the mare till he's obliged, you can bet your boots," was the reassuring answer.

"Ay, but the mare might jump the gate an' us," persisted Sammy.

"Didn't I tell 'ee 'er can't jump? Well, 'er can't, or her won't, then; or we'd 'ave to alter our way o' goin' to work."

"An' what be you goin' to do wi' the creatur?" asked Sammy.

"Oh, fasten 'er to a tree, for if she got 'ome wi' a empty saddle, we'd soon be found out."

"W'y not seize the reins as 'e comes through the fust gate?"

"W'y not put ourselves in jail at once, you means? It's too near the 'ighway, Sammy Barrett. Besides, he'd be usin' that loaded whip o' hian, an' we might 'ave to tap 'im a few times to keep 'im quiet, an' we wants to do it without that, if we can. 'E'll be fairly flummuxed accordin' to my plan.—Now, mind, if you shows the white-feather, an' don't turn up, you knows what to expect."

"I'll be there safe enough, Tom Lawford; I'm always about, you knows, when there's any money to be got; but," he added, a sudden thought paling his cheek, "'e don't carry no pistol, do 'e, Tom?"

"Never!" was the reply: "never used to at least. But we shall be safe, we shall be safe;" and Tom Lawford thought, with satisfaction, albeit not unmixed with dread, of the two revolvers belonging to his Birmingham friends, which were to be used if needs be—at anyrate to intimidate their intended victim.

"Well, I'm off now," he said presently. "Bye-bye, Sammy, an' don't you breathe a word to no one."

* * * * * *

"Harry, dear, I wish you would go round the road instead of through the plantation. You really should be more careful with nearly two hundred pounds about you."

"Oh, nonsense, Dolly," said her spouse. "What silly fear has crept into that pretty little head of yours now? Give me another kiss. I must be off at once. You may trust me to take care of No 1. Nobody is likely to meddle with a man on horseback in broad noonday. I'll be back to tea—Good-bye, pet." And he was gone.

Half an-hour's easily riding brought him to the plantation gate. He opened it with his whip, and rode through, fastening it behind him, and was within fifty yards of the opposite entrance when from out of the thicket four figures appeared, and ranged themselves across the pathway in front of him, close to the gate. He could hardly believe his senses, and would scarcely have been more surprised if a voice has shouted in his ear—"And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu?"

The men's faces were hardly visible, being partly concealed by their caps, which were pulled down low in front, and also by their turned-up coat collars, and scarfs tied round the lower half of the face.

"What tomfoolery is this?", thought Harry. "Well, I must turn back, I suppose. I'm not going to run the risk of a closer interview with those blackguards."

But when he turned the mare's head round a cold perspiration broke out all over him, for another quartet of the same stamp had sprung up, as it seemed, from out of the ground, and guarded the gate at which he had entered in the same silent yet unmistakably hostile manner as the others.

"What the deuce shall I do?" he exclaimed in an angry undertone, and half-a-dozen wild and absurd schemes rushed through his brain—a gallop through the thicket—a dash at those muffled figures at the gate—but he felt helpless, almost hopeless.

"The Simpleton," too seemed to know that something was wrong. She fidgeted about, and champed her bit fretfully, as if like her master, eager to do, yet not knowing what to do. All this occupied but a moment's space.

What was that? A voice behind him calling to him to dismount. He jerked the mare round again, and demanded—"What do you want?"

And the same voice replied: "Get off that' 'oss, an' we'll tell you."

A bright idea occurred to Harry. "If only they'll keep at a respectable distance, and I can parley with them a bit, somebody or other will surely be coming this way soon, and then the villians will decamp."

But they had no intention of allowing him to gain time in this way. "Look 'ere, mister," said another, "be you comin' down or not? 'cause if you don't get off in two shakes, we'll 'ave to make you."

Wentworth made no reply, but gave a hasty backward glance, which showed him that those behind had not moved, and then, taking a firmer grip of his riding-whip, he sat still as before.

"You won't budge, I can see," said the last speaker, "so we'll come an' 'elp you off; an' mind, if you kicks up any fuss, I'll make a hole in you;" and he took a revolver from his breast-pocket.

Still Wentworth did not move.

"Come on, mates!" said the cowardly fellow. "You there behind, close up," he shouted to those in the background.

As they drew near, Wentworth made a desperate resolve to dash through them,

and, if possible, open the gate, and escape.

They must have read his thoughts, for one of them, Tom Lawford, suddenly snatched a revolver from one of the others, and, turning back, posted himself by the gate again.

Poor Harry was in despair at this last move, but resolved to sell his life dearly, bullets or no bullets, and made a sudden plunge foward, riding-whip uplifted, when they came to within twenty yards of him.

The rascals, surprised at this unexpected attack, drew to each side of the path, with the intention of seizing the reins and striking him with their clubs as he passed, but Harry hit out vigorously right and left, dug his heels into the mare's sides, and shot past them at a mad gallop.

Ping! ping! Two or three shots whizzed by him harmlessly, and then Tom Lawford, in a fit of nervous excitement, took aim at the mare's head, intending to bring her to her knees, but only succeeded in grazing her neck.

Harry tried to check her speed, for they were almost at the gate, but failed.

She had taken the bit between her teeth!

He turned sick, shut his eyes, and slipped her firmly with his knees. As he did so, he felt himself lifted into the air, and the next moment, re-opening his eyes, to his unbounded astonishment, he and the mare were over the gate, and careering along the Kesleton high-road at a speed "The Simpleton" had never equalled when following the hounds in full cry.

* * * * * *

When Harry Wentworth returned to the spinny, with a force of six armed and mounted constables, and a dozen volunteers from the nearest public, he found only one man there, Tom Lawford, and he lying close to the gate, almost at his last gasp. They poured some spirits down his throat, and he looked around wildly. Then seeing the police, he murmured: "Ah, the p'leece. Ye're cheated for once. That mare's done for me. She kicked me somewhere as she cleared the gate, an' as I fell, I saw them cowards aflyin' for their lives. —Ah, ye wont 'ave to use the darbies this time. I'm goin'—goin' fast.—Oh, Mr. Wentworth, sir, forgive me, forgive me!" Then, suddenly raising himself up, he shrieked; 'No! I won't die! Save me, oh, save me!" and fell back dead.

The rest were caught before forty-eight hours had passed, except "Daft Sammy," whose body was afterwards discovered in a brook some miles away.

"The Simpleton's" fame spread far and wide, and Harry had many handsome offers for her, but he refused them all.

"Perhaps she'll oblige me now taking a gate or a hedge occasionally, Dolly," he said to his wife.

But "The Simpleton" was never known to jump again.

AT A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Passing through the wards of a county lunatic asylum, attended by the medical officer in charge, the writer, one visiting day, saw at a table a shabbily-dressed man, constantly muttering and mumbling and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts.

"That man," said the doctor, "was once an actor. He married the famous Miss —" (mentioning a name very well known in theatrical circles a few years ago), "but on the night of his marriage he went mad and has never been sane since."

It is painful to witness, on the days set apart for the visiting of the patients by their friends, the scenes which take place between parents and their children, husbands and wives, and others who are separated from each other, perhaps for life, by the scourge of madness. A fond daughter is almost persuaded that the father has recovered his sanity, when some sudden allusion sets him upon the old wild strain, and she has to go away in tears. Or an affectionate mother will discover that her only son is still the victim of delusions.

In an asylum near the city one may see a man who is continually marching round the exercise yard with the restlessness of a caged tiger. Nothing will dissuade him from it. He has a reason for his extraordinary persistency, and when asked for it he says—

"There, don't bother me. I mustn't stay. Don't you see I must go round and round, or the world will stop? I am winding up the universe."

The writer, as he went from ward to ward, was frequently accosted by persons apparently quite sane. Some of them thrust notes into his hand, to be surreptitiously posted. One long communication was written with wonderfully neat penmanship upon slips of paper which had once been the white margins of a newspaper. Another tolerably heavy bundle of MS. was written upon the back of squares of cheap wall paper-hangings.

People with some form of religious mania are commonly met with in lunatic asylums, and they are much addicted to setting down their experiences for the benefit of the unenlightened world. Sometimes they will mutilate themselves in the excess of their zeal. It is better that they should write. One scribe, whose letter is before us, says, "I will now pass on to the devils, as they are called, and will give it to you, as I judged from observation. These devils, as they are called, are fine-looking young men. I do not think they are suffering, but they seem to be perfectly happy, and were created for some purpose not known to me."

The hearing of "strange voices" is a common delusion, and one gentleman believed himself the victim of a terrible persecution because he was convinced that people were putting their voices into him, and he suffered inconceivable annoyance from these ventriloquial sounds.

A poor fellow has formed the idea that scientific means are used to make "his flesh creep with cold." He sits close to the fire wrapped in a thick overcoat, a heavy railway rug round his legs, and woollen gloves on his hands, and yet he is chilled to the bone with insufferable draughts all the night long.

As we went through the asylum the doctor said:—

"You know the Justices are required to make periodical visits to lunatic asylums, but they might as well not go. You see, there are numbers of patients who are perfectly sane at times, and it is a hard matter to convince a stranger who sees them when they are quite rational that they are mad, or have been out of their mind.

"Epileptics are in full possession of their senses except when the fit seizes them and during the few hours of sleepiness which follow. Whilst this drowsiness lasts a man may do things without being at all conscious of the act. A small proportion of epileptics develop homicidal mania, and the great trouble in lunatic asylums is to prevent the patients attempting to kill each other. I have known a man, who apparently harmless, suddenly fly at the face of another man literally bite his nose off. A similar fate nearly befell me once.

"On another occasion a man was seated at the dinner table, and I had hardly turned my head when he was out of the room intent upon serious mischief. The attendants are extraordinary active. As a rule they are ex-sailors, and it is due to their watchfulness that many accidents are averted. Yet the most dangerous lunatics commonly believe themselves to be wrongfully confined, and the visiting justices and the ordinary public run the danger of being deceived by their plausible representations."

As an example of the problems which visiting magistrates are set in determining whether men are or are not sane, would the propounder of the following be deemed of sound sense? "I want," says he, "to discuss the legality of my will in order to save troubles to lawyers when I am gone. It begins thus: In order to save the expense of my funeral and overcrowded cemeteries from poisoning our water sources, and to encourage the establishment of menageries, I bequeath my body to the nearest menagerie, as food for crocodiles, eagles, and vultures, or any other wild beast. Not only would this encourage the establishment of menageries for instructing youths in zoology, but would verify the truth of the Bible that eagles and vultures will eat any dead body. If others will follow my example our overcrowded cemeteries will cease to be sources of poison to the water supplies surrounding them."

Who shall say, too, whether the idea of "faces in the atmosphere" is a mad one? "It is possible even, it is said, to secure photographs of these faces as they travel through space. Unfortunately it is not possible for everybody to discover the outline of the face in the photograph, which to the ordinary eye is a mass of confused markings and nothing more. Still, if amateur photographers who are perfectly sane wish to test whether there are really millions upon millions of faces, human and animals, passing around this world of ours, they may take a piece of tissue-paper and hold it to the light. If they can discern a distinct face or two in the paper, they may fix the paper to a glass plate and photographic prints. The tissue paper, is operated upon by a mystic force, composed of myriad of minor forces, which travels with the rapidity of light, and in passing through the paper leaves the imprint of the suspended face."

It is such wild notions as the foregoing that the visitor to the lunatic asylum must expect to hear communicated to him, in strict confidence, but coupled with the complaint that no editor will give publicity to the discovery.

PETS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Many representatives of rank and genius have sought to beguile their occasional leisure by cherishing fond and sometimes eccentric attachments for certain pets selected from the animal creation.

The brilliant Montaigne was extremely fond of playing with his cat, a splendid specimen of the feline tribe, devotedly attached to its kind master. The gifted but melancholy Cowper found welcome recreation in watching the gambols of his three tame hares.

Numerous celebrities of the present day exhibit similar attachments, as the following authentic details prove. Her Majesty Queen Victoria has about forty pet dogs, her greatest favorites being collies. Princess Henry of Battenberg has a great fondness for fox-terriers. The Duchess of Connaught equals Richelieu in her strong attachment for cats. Her favorite is a fine Persian puss.

Mr. Gladstone's pet is a small black Pomeranian dog named "Petz," of which he is very fond. Petz is very devoted to his master, invariably accompanies him in his walks around Hawarden, when the great statesman generally indulges him in his passionate canine love of running for sticks. Nearly all the Cabinet Ministers, when visiting the castle, have had to contribute in this way to Petz's amusement.

Madame Patti's favorite pet is a little Mexican dog named "Ricki." He is provided with a complete wardrobe, including night gowns made of costly silk, and seven collars, one for each day in the week. When not out with Madame, he reclines in a handsome wicker basket, specially designed for his comfort. Altogether, he is a very "lucky dog."

Mr. Rider Haggard has a constant companion in his study in the form of a large pet rat named Jack, who answers to his name and exhibits remarkable affection for his gifted master.

Sarah Bernhardt, with her characteristic disregard for the conventional, has some rather uncommon pets. Amongst these are a pair of huge and handsome St. Bernard dogs, an opossum, and two snakes. Her special favorite is the opossum, a comical little creature, which she has christened Tilda. She found it in Australia at the foot of a tree, where as a baby it had dropped from its mother's pouch. She had reared it successfully, and has trained to bring to her various articles at the word of command. The snakes, which are harmless, come in for a share of her caresses every day, and drink their morning meal of milk from her hand.

Rosa Bonheur, the well-known artist, has several pretty pet dogs, but her chief favorite is a monkey, which is allowed to run about at will. It is very much attached to its mistress, and loves to accompany her on her country rambles, when it gambols about with the dogs, climb trees etc., but when danger threatens it promptly seeks refuge upon her shoulder.

The Shah of Persia has for a pet a handsome tiny Shetland pony. It is shod with golden shoes, each of which is worth three pounds.

A writer in "La Vie Contemporaine" has discovered that an old box in the lumber room of the Louvre Museum, instead of containing archives, as was supposed by many, is full of the relics of royal personages—jaw bones, shoulder blades, shanks, ribs and vertebræ. The writer states that there are among them the scapula of Hugues Capet, the thigh bone of Charles V, the shin bones of Charles VI and Francis I, the vertebræ of Charles VII and Charles IX, the ribs of Philippe le Bel and Louis XII, and the lower jaw bone of Catherine de Medicis. The authenticity of these relics is, he says, proved by papers also found in the box.

In Reason of Salt.—A wonderful example of patience in the Chinese is afforded by a consular report dealing with the manufacture of salt in central China. Holes about six inches in diameter are bored in the rock by means of a primitive form of iron drill, and sometimes a period of forty years elapses before the coveted brine is reached, so that the work is carried on from one generation to another.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mr. Swan, the English electrician, declared recently that he had seen electrical blowpipes capable of melting the stoutest iron so rapidly that to melt into a fire and burglar proof safe with this instrument would be the work of only a few minutes, and would be both an easy and noiseless operation. As, however, it would require a 40-horse power engine to operate such a scientific tool, banks need be under no apprehension from this mode of attack on their vaults.

A recent wedding caused the editor of a Missouri paper to break out in the following language: "So when this the season of roses woos nature to her happiest expression; when the earth is clothed in verdure and the air is sweet with the warbling melodies of birds; when rapturous cloudless days are followed by dreamy delightful nights softened by the sweet radiance of the silent stars, and perfumed by the exquisite aroma of the floral world, then fitting is it that on the anvil of Love Hymen's golden link should be forged."

The total immigration to the United States during the 10 months ended April 30, 1893, was 334,825—a decline of 119,123 from the immigration of the corresponding 10 months of the previous year. Emigration from Russia and Poland shows the greatest decline in this period, having fallen from 94,099 to 33,678. There is a very slight decline in the arrivals from Great Britain and Ireland, but the tide of emigration from Italy shows no abatement in spite of the vigilant efforts to exclude importations of cheap labor.

Less than 50 years ago there was really no postal system in this country. Previous to 1847 the mails were carried by private firms, and rates varied according to distance. Carriers often traveled on foot or horseback, and the progress was slow. In 1846 some of the post-offices issued stamps of their own, called "provisional issues." The adhesive stamp was first used in this country in 1847, and prepayment was made compulsory in 1856. In 1890 the stamp containing the head of Andrew Jackson was issued, and from then until 1866 the style adopted contained the profiles of Presidents of the United States.

A few days ago a number of old and musty documents were found in the City of Mexico, by which it was learned that treasure, valued at $2,000,000, was buried under a certain house in that city. The documents bore official marks, and stated that the wealth was secreted by order of Emperor Maximilian. The excavating was begun, and in a short time a clay vessel filled with gold powder was unearthed. Then came several pieces of solid silver ware. A depth of only a few feet has yet been reached, the work having been interrupted by a great flow of water into the cavity. As soon as the water can be shut out or controlled the work of excavating will be resumed.

What are supposed to be the first playing cards printed in America are exhibited in the Anthropological Building at the World's Fair. The original sheet, from the archives of the Indies at Seville, Spain, was exhibited at the Historic-American Exposition at Madrid last winter, and Mr. Culin, the Secretary of the Commission of the United States at that Exposition, who has charge of the folklore section of the Anthropological Department of the Fair under Prof. Putnam, had a careful copy made in water colors by a Spanish artist for the Columbian exhibit. The sheet is about 11 by 17 inches, and bears in the back a pen and ink inscription giving its date, 1583. The face bears an impression from a wooden block of 24 cards, each 2 by 3¼ inches. They are colored in red, blue and yellow, and represent the court cards of the Spanish pack, the four aces and the numeral or pip cards of the suit of lepadas, or swords.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. Frank J. Cheney

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ Seal } A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

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Our Young Folks.

NETTIE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY M. A. C.

BEE NORRIS was nearly nine years old. It wanted a week to her birthday, and she told her schoolfellows that her mother had promised to let her have a party.

"Won't it be nice?" she asked. "Mother says we may have dancing after tea, and my sister Dora has been teaching me to waltz. It isn't so very hard to do. Father is going to show his magic-lantern."

A chorus of approval greeted this statement.

"And we shall have games besides; Bob and Dora know so many: Musical Chairs, and Hunt the Slipper, and Dumb Charades."

Bee was a merry good-tempered little girl, and very popular with her companions; but during the next few days she found herself the object of more attention than she had ever before received. Ada Martin made a ring of many-colored beads for her, Gracie Turner lent her a story-book, and Maud Ellis left her her skipping-rope during recreation-hour.

Two days before the birthday Bee brought half a dozen tiny notes, folded in the shape of cocked hats, to school, and distributed them with an important air. Ada, Maud, and Gracie were three of the fortunate ones, and the others were Flo and Katie Seton, a pair of twin sisters, and a younger girl named Nettie Coulter.

"I wrote the invitations myself last night," said Bee proudly. "Dora told me how to spell the hard words, and Bob did the folding."

Perhaps Nettie Coulter was the one to whom the invitation gave most pleasure, for she had not expected it. She was a shy child of seven, and had not long attended the school. Her eyes sparkled as she thanked Bee, and when lessons were over her eager little feet carried her home in a very short time.

"Mother, may I go to Bee's party?" she cried, holding the note aloft in triumph.

The mother smiled at her impetuous little maid, and pointed to the books that Nettie had flung on the table.

"Put your things tidily away first, my dear, and then tell me all about it."

"There's the note, mother," said Nettie, hastening to obey. "You know Bee, don't you? She brought me home one day when I had a fall in the playground."

"So that was Bee?" said Mrs. Coulter. "She seemed a nice little girl. Would you like to go to this party, Nettie?"

"Oh, mother!"—Nettie's face was sufficient answer.

"Then I think you may, dear. I will have your white frock ready by Friday afternoon."

"Thank you, mother. Oh, I am so happy! I shall think about the party every minute until the time comes."

"Don't think about it too much, dearie, or your lessons will suffer, and Miss Stewart will not be pleased with you."

This was good advice, but Nettie did not profit by it. She was so inattentive to her lessons next day, that her teacher was obliged to speak sharply to her more than once, and on Friday matters were worse.

"What are you thinking of, Nettie?" asked Miss Stewart, when Nettie had told her for the second time that an island was a portion of water entirely surrounded by land. "You cannot have studied your lesson. If you do not do better I shall be obliged to keep you in this afternoon."

Nettie felt rather alarmed at this threat, and when Miss Stewart returned her book she set to work in real earnest to learn her task, succeeding so well that she was able to repeat it perfectly in half an hour.

This was something gained, but there was still a sum to be done. Nettie did not like arithmetic, and she pouted as she took her slate, and looked at the row of figures that were to be multiplied by two. It was a very easy sum, but anything will seem difficult to a little girl whose attention is not given to her work.

"Twice three are——" Nettie yawned, and idly tapped the slate with her pencil. Was mother ironing her white frock? she wondered. Would she bring out her pink sash and pretty bronze shoes? Would Mr. Norris show many funny pictures with his magic lantern?

Twice three——Twice three—to be sure, that made seven, and down went a figure seven on the slate. Twice one made two, of course. That was easy enough. The sum was nearly finished now; only another figure to be multiplied. Nettie paused again and wondered what sort of a game "Musical Chairs" was.

"Nettie!" called Miss Stewart.

Nettie started and looked at her slate. She had not yet discovered how many two would take when multiplied by the same number. Without stopping to reflect, she put down a five, and then went up to the teacher's desk.

"I have been looking at you, Nettie," said Miss Stewart severely, "and I am quite sure you have not tried to do your sum correctly. I really must punish you this time."

She led the little girl to a stool that was placed in the centre of the room, and bade her seat herself upon it. Crimson with shame and distress, Nettie obeyed, and then Miss Stewart brought from the cupboard a cap of stiff brown paper, upon which the word "Dunce" was inscribed in big black letters, and placed it on the drooping head. Poor Nettie! She sat quite still, her hands in her lap and the lids veiling her blue eyes. She was too much ashamed even to cry, and dared not meet the glances of her companions. She felt very unhappy as she thought that now she would be kept in, and would perhaps be too late for the party. Even if not, could she face Bee and her friends after this disgrace?

The clock struck four. Books were put away and the children were dismissed, all except Nettie. Miss Stewart took no notice of her, and the little girl began to wonder if her teacher would go home and leave her there alone. Tears rose to her eyes and rolled down her flushed cheeks.

Miss Stewart heard the sound of sobbing, and came to the little girl's side. Then Nettie begged to be forgiven, and confessed what had been the cause of her carelessness. Miss Stewart smiled as she removed the dunce's cap.

"I believed you will not let it happen again," she said. "You will learn, Nettie, that play is all the sweeter when work is well done. Now let me see if you cannot get this sum right."

The sum was done correctly in a few seconds. Nettie was surprised that she had found it so difficult before, for it seemed quite simple now.

Five minutes later Mrs. Coulter, looking from her open doorway, saw her little daughter coming down the street.

"How late you are, dear!" she said. "Have you been crying, Nettie?"

Then Nettie told her trouble, half fearing that mother would reproach her, but she did not. She saw that Nettie had been sufficiently punished for her fault. So she brought out the white frock and bronze shoes, and began to dress the little girl for the party. Nettie was soon ready, and then mother produced a box of chocolate creams, tied with white ribbons, and with a picture of a little girl upon the lid.

"You must give this to Bee for a birthday present," she said.

"Mother, how good you are! And I've been so naughty. I will try to be a good girl always."

Bee's home was not far away, and Nettie soon reached it. She could hear the sound of merry voices inside as she timidly knocked at the door. It was opened by Bee.

"Come in, Nettie," she cried. "We would not begin tea until you came."

Nettie followed Bee into the parlor, feeling a little uneasy lest some remark might be made about what had happened at school, but nobody said a word about it, so Nettie soon got over her shyness.

And Mr. Norris showed so many comical pictures, and told such funny stories, that Nettie enjoyed the party even more than she had anticipated.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—A man was once given a large dog to take care of by a friend who was going abroad. But the dog annoyed him by always sitting in his best arm-chair.

One day a splendid idea struck him. He came into the room and found the dog in his usual seat, so he walked up to the window and called: "Cats! cats!"

Up jumped the dog and rushed to the window, while the man went and sat in his chair.

A few days later the dog walked into the room while his master was sitting in his arm-chair. Going up to the window he barked loudly.

The man got up to see what was the matter, and the dog rushed and secured the chair.

THEIR DAYS.—With the natives of Burmah it is a belief that people born on a Monday are zealous; on Tuesday, honest; Wednesday, quick-tempered, but soon calm again; Thursday, mild; Friday, talkative; Saturday, hot-tempered and quarrelsome, while Sunday's children will be parsimonious.

ABOUT HYMN TUNES.

It was Felix Holt who advised his hearers to follow the light of the old-fashioned Presbyterians he heard in Glasgow. "The preacher gives out a psalm, and then everybody sings a different tune as it happens to turn up in their throats." Felix thought it was a domineering thing to set a tune and expect everybody else to follow it—"it's a denial of private judgment." And so it is, no doubt; but then if private judgment is to be exercised at all, it might be as well, one would think, to exercise it in private.

Perhaps the thrifty action of the old Scotch lady in singing "Bangor" to everything, no matter what metre or tune the congregation were singing, would have commended itself exactly to George Eliot's hero.

A popular captain's good lady was more than usually anxious over the safety of her lord and master, and accordingly handed the clerk a slip one Sunday morning bearing the words, "Captain Wilson having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation on his behalf." Alas! how easily things go wrong. Whether the clerk was "malicious" or not one cannot say—probably he did not have a very good wife himself—but at any rate by the simple misplacement of a comma after the "sea" the congregation were told that "Captain Wilson having gone to sea his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation on his behalf." Such is the power of a comma!

Better, perhaps, in this connection is the story of the deaf minister's clerk, who had handed to him a written slip on which were the following announcements which he was requested to make. (1) The new Psalm books will be used next Sunday. (2) There will be a baptism of infants next Sunday.

Now, clerks, like more ordinary men, were sometimes perverse, and this clerk, it seems, took it into his head to reverse the order of the intimations. Accordingly he began, "There will be a baptism of infants next Sunday." He had got no further when the piping voice of the deaf divine was heard from the pulpit, "And those who have not got any may have them for sixpence each at the manse; strong backs, eighteenpence." One may feel pretty sure that the fun did not come entirely from the "fuguing" tunes that day.

The unusual effect of the successive "piling up" of the lines and phrases as they were repeated ad libitum with ever-increasing force was probably exhilarating if not devotional—as when Hodge set himself to sing the praises of "dra-gons stout and strong," or to tell how "some put their trust in charr'ots and some in 'orses," and so on. But the verbal effect was occasionally quite startling, though it may be doubted if the simple souls who sang ever saw the absurdity.

A congregation would be heard lustily proclaiming their defiance of the desmogue in "I love to steal—I love to steal," while all they meant to do was "to steal awhile away" to some imaginary realm of spiritual blessedness.

"Stir up this stu—stir up this stu" was only the "fuguing" form of "Stir up this stupid heart to pray."

And so with "And take thy pil—and take thy pilgrim home;" "My poor pol—my poor polluted heart;" "And more eggs—more eggs—and more exalt our joys;" "I love thee bet—I love thee better than before;" "And catch the floe—and catch the fleeting hour," and many more entertaining instances of perverted sense in song. Two trebles sang, "And learn to kiss;" two trebles and alto, "And learn to kiss;" two trebles, alto and tenor, "And learn to kiss;" bass solus, "the rod."

The story has been told of an Oxford man reading in the country for his "little go," and being saluted with the changes, "cannot pluck me—cannot pluck me—cannot pluck me from Thy hand," he, like a Virgilian hero, drew from the words a propitious omen, whether realized or no the story-teller deponeth not.

No wonder that when the fuguing tunes took possession of the Puritan churches of New England the clergymen began to consult their concordances in a hunt for scripture texts to hurl at the heads of the innovators. One divine succeeded in finding a motto for his purpose in "The songs of the temple shall be turned into howling," and another preached to his people from the words, "Those that have turned the upside down are come hither also."

Evidently there were a good many who sympathized with the man who hung two dead cats over the door of the reputed father of fuguing tunes, to indicate his caterwauling.

The Scotch ministers had the most forcible way of keeping the "repeat" tunes out of the churches. The huge pulpit Bible would come whack down on the precentor's head if he dared to introduce any such innovation, and one parson is known to have carried away a handful of the man of music's locks as he roared, "Stop, Dauvit, stop! when the Lord repeats we'll repeat too, but not till then."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

One of the leading physicians of Waycross, Georgia, is a colored man.

According to the census reporter there are 1,500,000 more males than females in this country.

A calf with two well formed tails is the curiosity of a resident of Marshall county, Alabama.

Several Shanghai chickens with 15 claws are the boast of George H. Ball, of Perrydale, Oregon.

A Brunswick, Ga., man is engaged in the business of writing letters for people who are unable to do so.

A colt as white as snow was foaled on the place of William Hutchins, at Kingsland, Ind., one day lately.

Superstition has it that the baby boosted up a stepladder before it is 24 hours old will always have good luck.

Two perfectly-formed chickens were hatched from one egg, it is said, at Olympia, Washington, a short time ago.

The Saylor family, of Mayendale, Pa., which numbers 78 members, has experienced but one death in the past 64 years.

"Chump" is not a new word, as Sir. Philip Sidney is reputed to have used "chumpish" in the sense of "sullen," over 300 years ago.

In a cemetery adjoining a small town in the State of Vermont there is a tombstone bearing this legend: "Sacred to the memory of three twins."

A company of blind men recently arrived in Birmingham, whither they had ridden on bicycles from London, a distance of over 100 miles.

James E. Layton, of Goshen, Indiana, was granted a divorce one day recently, and within an hour he had paid the costs and married another woman.

A ewe on a farm near Oil City, Pa., gave birth to a lamb recently that had two perfect bodies and only one head and neck. The monstrosity lived but two days.

It is said that a young lecturer at Harvard College reviews each week the plays in Boston, and advises his hearers as to where they may most profitably spend money for dramatic relaxation.

Tutter: "While I was fishing the other day I saw two fish come up and bite at my hook at the same time." Jagway: "That's nothing. I came home from the club the other night in two cabs.

Harmon Marsh, aged 79 years, of Jackson, Mich., having just lately secured a divorce from his sixth wife, announces that he will marry again as soon as he can secure a woman who will wed him.

It is one of the duties of the Prime Minister of Madagascar to marry the Queen of the country for the time being. The present Premier, Rainilaiarivony, has been married to three Queens, one after another.

A couple of small corns, one on either foot, were the most serious cause of disability in a lately discovered case in which Assistant Secretary Bussey granted a pension of $6 a month, under Raum's celebrated order No. 164.

A lake of ink, over an acre in extent, has just been unearthed in that extremely volcanic region on the eastern boundary of Lower California. In the liquid state it is a dull gray tint, but when dry it assumes a very deep black.

Longstride, an Irish hunter, the property of the Monmouth County Hunt, recently made the second greatest leap on record, a clear 31-foot leap from bank to bank, across the pond at Hollywood, N. J., built in the centre of the grounds of the late John Hoey.

Edmund Law Rogers, of Baltimore, recently exhibited before an assembly of dentists a complete set of false teeth that had been worn by George Washington. The base plates were of lead and perfectly flat. Some of the teeth were of ivory, and others had been extracted from a living person.

Thirty years ago Patrick Brennon, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, was given a 50-cent shin-plaster in payment of a debt of 10 cents, but did not return the change. Recently he looked up his old creditor, and finding him, gave him the 40 cents, saying that the matter had preyed upon his mind until he could stand it no longer.

A city dude seldom does anything worth chronicling, for he is universally regarded as empty headed, incapable of even arousing genuine curiosity. But a country dude—well, he is pretty certain to be interesting. Here is a specimen: A Rockfield young man recently tried to lift his carriage out of the mud while standing on the axle, to save soiling his shoes.

The boy King of Spain knows well how to maintain his dignity. Alfonso XIII. was, a few months ago, kept indoors because of a cold, and while there was visited by the Prime Minister. "How are you to-day, Alfonso?" said the Premier. The boy King, with an expression of disgust on his face, said: "To my mother I am Alfonso, but to you I am the King." Heartily amused, the Premier retired, with a profound salutation.

A LOVE SONG.

BY W. W. LONG.

The star-lamps are dotting the heavens with light,
And up from the sunset softly comes Night;
The cloud-ships are floating in fleeces of white,
The moon o'er the mountain is peeping.

The river floats by in musical numbers,
And swift o'er the fall its dark water lumbers,
The bees and the birds have gone to their slumbers,
The moon o'er the mountain is peeping.

Where the fragrance of roses in harmony meet,
Down the path that leads to our trysting seat,
I am coming to greet you, my darling, my sweet,
As the moon o'er the mountain comes peeping!

OF MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

In the Kaffir tribes the man is placed under curious restrictions towards his mother-in-law. He can never be admitted into the select circle of her associates; if she should enter a hut in which he may be sitting he must immediately depart, and he dare not even mention her name.

The action of the degraded Bushman is limited in precisely the same fashion, and in Central Africa the lover must not, after betrothal, see the mother of his future bride. He has to evade her in every possible way, and if by chance she should catch sight of him she covers her face, as though all ties of the commonest friendship were for ever severed.

In Australia, among the aborigines of the southeast, the mothers-in-law are compelled to avoid the very sight of their son-in-law, and so, to escape being seen, are required to take a round-about route on all occasions. Should they inadvertently cross each other's path, the mother-in-law must envelope her face and figure with the rug which, in those tribes, is an indispensable article of female attire.

So rigid is this rule that if married men are jealous of anyone they will endeavor to secure to him a daughter in marriage. This will place the wife, according to custom, in the position of a mother-in-law, and render any communication between her and her son-in-law an offence punishable by death!

But not only do such fantastic customs exists among races low in civilization like the Australian aborigines; they are widely distributed among the "noble savage" of the West. In certain Red Indian circles it is considered extremely improper for a mother-in-law to speak to, or even look at, her son-in-law, and when she has a communication to make to him etiquette demands that she should turn her back and address him only through a third person. This is the case especially with those of the far north; but the custom is by no means peculiar to that region.

Among some more southern tribes the mother-in-law will hold no direct intercourse with her son-in-law, nor will he, on any occasion or in any circumstances, converse immediately with her, although no semblance of ill-will may be between them. They will not, on any account, mention each other's name in company, nor look in each other's faces, and any conversation that passes between them is conducted through the medium of some other person, as if they spoke different tongues and needed an interpreter.

In the West, beyond the Rocky Mountains, a leading missionary observed that the son-in-law was not permitted for some time to look at his mother-in-law, or even his wife's nearest relations, but had to step aside or hide himself when these women were present, as if he had been guilty of some great misdeed and the mother-in-law had come to bring him to justice.

Such customs have been found from the extreme north to Florida, and have again been discovered among South American tribes. In fact, the Indian race generally has observed them.

Even among some Indian tribes this is to a degree the case, but it is more noticeable in Asia, where, among the Kalmucks and the Mongols, a woman must not speak to her father-in-law or sit down in his presence; and where, in China, after the wedding day, the father-in-law never visits his daughter-in-law. Indeed, he should never see her face, and so, if they chance to meet, he hides himself.

In many parts of Australasia this is also the case, and occasionally so strict is the observance that a man must not pronounce the name of his father-in-law, his mother-in-law, or his son-in-law.

Among certain South African tribes a woman must so separate herself from her father-in-law and all her husband's male relations in the ascending line that she must not pronounce their names even mentally, and whenever the emphatic syllable of either of their names occurs in any other word she must avoid it by substituting either an entirely new word or at least another syllable.

Near the African interior, if a lover should happen to be of a different camp, he must shun all the inhabitants of the lady's camp except a few intimate friends, whom he is permitted to visit. When he comes to press his suit a little tent is generally set up for him, under which he remains all day, and if he is obliged to come out or to cross the camp he covers his face. Even if he is to see his intended he must do so by stealth.

In certain districts of Hindostan the custom is somewhat varied, for there a woman is not allowed to speak to her mother-in-law, and when any task is prescribed to her she shows her acquiescence simply by signs—a contrivance a philosophical traveler characterizes as "well adapted for securing domestic tranquillity."

The question naturally arises—How have such customs originated, and why are they so widespread? It is hardly likely that we have missioned these various races on the subject and spread among them any such peculiar views of our own. And the people where the customs prevail, when asked the reason, can give no satisfactory reply, only saying, "It's our way," not knowing how widely the "way" is distributed.

The simplest as well as the most reasonable solution of the difficulty is in regarding the customs as a natural consequence of marriage by capture, which, either as a reality or a ceremony, has prevailed almost throughout the world. When the capture was a reality the anger of the parents would also be real; when it became a mere symbol the parental indignation would be symbolized also, and, as a form, would, no doubt, be continued long after the origin was forgotten.

Grains of Gold.

Growlers are never wanted anywhere.

A good way to get help is to be a helper.

It is easier to be brave than it is to be patient.

It is easier to mean right than it is to do right.

Little duties well performed will make great ones easy to accomplish.

People who give in earnest soon find out that it is a blessed thing to do.

Folks who are thankful don't have much trouble about being cheerful.

If you are well acquainted with yourself you know much about other people.

The more a man is preached to, the less he remembers of what is said to him.

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornaments of it.

There are people who will never have any good said about them until it is done on a tombstone.

Any fool can repent of a thing after it is done, but give us the man that repents before it is done.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

Finding fault with others is one way of telling people that you are not quite so good as you ought to be yourself.

In the world there are only two ways of raising one's self: either by one's own industry, or the weakness of others.

Femininities.

An expensive habit—a Worth gown.

The male sash has bobbed up again.

Strawberry forks are a new sideboard novelty.

If you want things to go right live that way yourself.

A steady blue eye is said to indicate a covetous disposition.

Breast pins made of souvenir spoons are a late feminine fad.

There is nothing easier to believe than a pleasing lie about ourselves.

It is probably called pin money because the husband is stuck for it.

Ten bridesmaids are quite the orthodox number in England this season.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend a friend. Let thy words be few.

The sum of all that makes a just man happy consists in the well choosing of his wife.

One of the saddest sights upon which angels have to look is the life of a lonely child.

"Pa mortifies me," said Miss Jinkins. "He always will say *assiety* instid of *anxiety*."

The woman who paints her cheeks and the man who dyes his whiskers never fool but one person.

"I'll have no more of your lip!" is what the discarded lover said to his angry sweetheart.

The fact that there are more than a million more men than women in this country is perhaps what makes the girls so hard to suit.

Mrs. Clacker: "Is that gentleman standing by the door a friend of yours?" Mrs. Whacker: "Oh, no, indeed! That's my husband."

Thomas Hood once admonished a gossiping Christian to beware lest her piety should prove, after all, to be nothing better than Mag-piety.

Blogg says he was almost knocked flat the other day by suddenly reflecting that nearly all the pretty girls are but incipient mothers-in-law.

After an inexperienced man has rowed a boat for about three-quarters of an hour almost any kind of scenery is good enough for him to stop and admire.

"We've got to economize," said Mr. Gargoyle to his wife. "Very well, my dear," replied the good woman, cheerfully; "you shave yourself and I'll cut your hair."

Jeremy Taylor says that "a good wife should be a looking-glass to her husband." But we think she might and should make him see in her something better than himself.

Nell: "Do you think absence makes the heart grow fonder." Belle: "Yes, indeed! When Jack calls I never once think of Tom, and when Tom's here I forget Jack entirely."

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who fell behind Scattering in her Presidential run, draws a pension of $20 a month as the widow of an infantry chaplain. She does a big pension claim business.

Already the birth of an Eulalia has been registered at the Health Bureau. They will make a pretty and euphonious pet appellation for a baby. It most fitly belongs to a brunette.

He: "How's this? Aren't we going to have any dinner to-day?" She: "I guess not. That woman over the way has bought such a lovely new bonnet that I haven't got a bit of appetite."

Tommy: "Pa, some ladies told me to-day you were the better horse of the two. What did they mean by that?" Pa: "They meant, Tommy, that I was so gentle a lady could manage me."

A man staying at a boarding-house tells the story that, in a recent thunder-storm, the warring of the elements was so awe-inspiring that the hair in a dish of butter in the pantry turned completely white during the night.

"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning; she continued full an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that, many people continue so all their lives."

Mems for the misses: Cry at a wedding; scream at a spider; never leave your curl-papers in the drawing-room; drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint; mind you are engaged if you don't like your partner; abjure ringlets on a wet day; it's vulgar to know what's for dinner.

When the late Dr. Lawrie was examining a few of his parishioners, he asked John Anderson, a stolid farmer, to repeat the Tenth Commandment. John stammered out, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house," and then stopped. "Come on," said the doctor—"thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." "Na, na," said John—"nane o' that, doctor. I have enough to dae wi' our Tibbie at hame to want ony man's wife!"

Masculinities.

A sneeze is said to be the sign of good health and luck.

The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.

The collecting of paper weights is the peculiarity of a Boston bank clerk.

James Fraser, employed as bartender in a saloon on Second avenue, New York, is 8 feet 3 inches tall.

There is a man in Atchison, Kansas, who gets up early so that he will have a longer day to be mean in.

"Why do you refer to Mr. Brown as a cannibal, Clara?" "Because in summertime he lives on his father."

Seventy-two and 68 years are the respective ages of a couple who were married at Indiana, Pa., recently.

The man that cheers, but not inebriates, may be handy at political meetings to take the other fellow home.

"Has Plankinton succeeded in getting rid of that awfully impudent type-writer he had?" "Yes; she is his children's stepmother now."

"Yes," she said, "I shall marry Harold, for I know he loves me." "How?" "He watched me sharpen a pencil and didn't laugh."

A mean man never knows when he is mean; he only thinks himself cautious, just as a near-sighted person seems to be looking far away.

Sterling Ruffin, aged 75 years, a blind resident of Hillsboro, N. C., was married at Raleigh to Miss Jennie Houston, 35 years old, a few days ago.

Shadrack Sellings, aged 87 years, who died at English, Indiana, recently, was the last of a family of triplets who all served in the Mexican War.

Penelope: "Ah, dear, I hear that you are engaged! Now, who is the man of your choice?" Perdita: "I'm afraid to tell you, dear; you might tell my fiance."

Awfully homely widower: "You don't see many prettier girls than that daughter of mine." Her admirer: "I never do. Her mother must have been a perfect dream of beauty."

The older one: "The happiest time in my life was when I was approaching womanhood." The other: "Yes; but now you always seem happiest when approaching manhood."

Love and logic ne'er compound. She: "Are you certain you'll love me when I'm old?" He: "Yes, I'm positive. False hair and teeth may even be an improvement, you know."

The Empress of Russia is said to be a vision of unmatched gorgeousness. She is one of the few monarchs of Europe who still make a practice of wearing a crown on great occasions.

Detective, hurriedly: "Where did that fellow go who just ran out of the hotel." Citizen, still rubbing the toe that the fugitive stepped on: "I don't know; but I hope he'll go where I told him to."

Rev. Dr. J. H. Strait, a popular minister in the Christian denomination in Indiana several years ago, and not much heard of since, was recognized in Cincinnati lately acting as hostler in a livery stable.

A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared that he never was drunk, nor never meant to be, for it always made him feel so bad the next morning.

The big piazza rocking chair comes this season with a patent fan attachment. While you rock, the fan sways, and if it is not done with the grace of a Spanish dame, the arrangement has possibly a charm for a lazy woman.

For many a long year Hiram Peck, of Southington, Conn., has displayed this notice over his front door: "Live single and you will be happy." Yet has he fallen a victim to the charms and graces of Miss Mary H. Browne, of Meriden.

A man out West, who married a widow, has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor, dear man! How I wish he hadn't died!" and the lady immediately thinks of something else to talk about.

Dr. Sambroso, the famous psychologist, has published statistics showing how men of small stature have acquired fame in the different branches of knowledge, among those cited by him being Alexander the Great, Aristotle, Plato, Epicurus, Archimedes, Diogenes, Erasmus, Linnæus, Gibbon, Spinoza, Montaigne, Pope, Napoleon, Balzac, Thiers, Louis Blanc and Meissonnier.

The wealthy Marquis de Aligre, who died some time ago, was so parsimonious that, seeing his servant one day with a smart-looking hat, he reprimanded him for his extravagance. "But it is the old hat you gave me; I had it ironed for a franc." "Ah," said the marquis, "but I did not know it could be restored. Here is the franc you paid—I will take the hat." And he forthwith transferred the renovated beaver to his own head.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

One of the prettiest of the latest developments in summer wraps is the lace Russian blouse with Spanish combination in the shape of a figaro jacket more or less pronounced. These blouses rarely have sleeves, but in their places full caps or falls of lace reaching nearly or quite to the elbow. Some of them are of Spanish lace, others of chantilly, and some are of fishnet. Many of the pattern laces have the design outlined in small jet beads, which give a richness and beauty unsurpassable.

Ribbons and black silk or velvet accessories make these blouse wraps unapproachable for beauty and elegance. Lace shawls and lace skirts that have been laid aside can be utilized in making blouses, and if the pattern has been frayed or torn clever manipulation with jet beads will cover all that. The fishnet laces should be trimmed with several rows of narrow moire or satin ribbon around the bottom and on the yoke and sleeves. Some have full ruche collars, others the pierrot style.

On many of the newest summer frocks there will be laid flat lace insertion, black over light colors and white over such as will show through to the best advantage. Lace as trimming will be lavishly employed on all summer garments where it is possible to put it. One sees lace on broadcloth sometimes, and one sees it overlaid flat on velvet or fulled on as closely as it can be gathered, so that it falls like a ruche.

Lace as trimming on little girls' dresses is now a pronounced success and a favorite, particularly for berthas and bretelles. Double rows of lace placed around the shoulders and drooping over the arms make a pretty finish to an otherwise plain gown. Black china silk and pongee are being made up for young girls, the skirts gathered and otherwise quite plain, the waists gathered in a belt, with a ribbon belt and rosette in pale blue, apple green or some other light and delicate shade.

For children the sleeves are made with an upper puff and coat shape on the forearm, but the puff is not very large. I notice that there are two distinct styles for young girls. One is modified empire and the other a combination of all kinds united in a common sense and useful manner, suited to the needs of growing children with active bodies.

The size of the sleeves in fashionable gowns makes jackets almost impossible, so that the camail and other short capes are necessities, and as even the light military cape is too much for very warm days lace ones are taking their places, and also I notice in a recent importation shown only to a chosen few some "long shawls" made of soft twilled silk, very flexible and of light cream or beige ground, with cross bayadere stripes. The shawl is 2 yards long, selvage on both edges and fringed at the ends.

SUMMER COSTUMES.

These "long shawls" are drawn straight across the shoulder in the back and over the arms and thence nearly fall to the bottom of the dress. They are quaint and pretty. I noticed one, however, made of black taffeta silk that was very odd, but very pretty. The back was cut like a round cape, but it did not reach up to the neck. It crossed the shoulders, and two long, rounded tabs fell to the knee. There was a knotted fringe all around it, and it fastened at the waist line with a handsome jet buckle, leaving the front of the waist exposed V shaped. A few are made of dimity with lace ruffles and a few of mull. The white ones are arranged to cross the bust and tie behind.

These "bit capes," as the Scotch clerk called them, are very suitable to the styles now in vogue, and their popularity will certainly outlast the summer.

Some of them are called Marie Antoinette fichus and do much resemble those seen in the pictures of that unfortunate queen. I saw a new gown just finished for a young society belle—of sky blue silk muslin with three pale pink milliner's folds of satin around the foot. There was a belt made of satin folds, and over the gathered waist there was a fichu of mull with two fluted ruffles 2 inches wide. The ends of the fichu were so long that they crossed in front and reached to the back, where they tied in a bowknot, and still the rounded ends reached nearly to the bottom of the skirt.

There are several choice new fancies in fabrics brought forward now, some of them exceedingly beautiful, particularly a glace silk in light ground, such as putty color, beige or gray, and over this are thick ribs of a different color, though always artistically matched or contrasted. Some of them have the ribs disposed in such a way as to form a striped material.

Then there is a glace diagonal with the ribs slantwise in silk over a woolen ground in contrasting color, making a very rich fabric of it. There are crape-like stuffs and other soft, silky woolens, so as to look like coarse burlaps, though really, elegant. The new woolen goods have all some figure or stripe of silk over the surface, generally in heavy cord. Poplin is also shown with novelty bordering of satin stripes at the edge to form the trimming. Cock's foot is another style of goods, as it is woven in a design like the scales upon a chicken's foot. It is of silk and wool and is shown in very light color.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

A Guestbook.—A clever housewife whose summer home will be full of guests has a unique idea for a guestbook. It will be an autograph recipe book, every woman writing the rules for the making of her favorite dish, but no duplicates being allowed.

Damp Shoes.—Never sit in a damp shoe. Maybe you think that unless your shoes are positively wet a change is unnecessary. This is a fallacy. The least dampness in the sole, in its evaporation, absorbs the heat from the foot, and in a few minutes the feet will be damp and cold, and perspiration is dangerously checked.

For the Summer.—Many remedies are suggested for the prevention or removal of freckles. The girl who freckles will probably continue to so long as she exposes her face to the direct rays of the sun. A veil, a big hat and a parasol are her best weapons of defense, with the addition of a little cold cream. The best recipe for this most harmless cosmetic is pure white wax and spermaceti of the best quality softened with almond oil and cucumber juice.

How to Sprinkle Clothes.—Sprinkling clothes by hand—that is, dipping up the water the fingers and slapping it on the shirt or sheet, to leave a big wet splash in one place, with a stretch of roughened dryness in another—is unknown in the modern, well regulated laundry. A tin clothes sprinkler is sold in the shops for this purpose, though many women use instead a small watering pot with fine holes. The ideal sprinkler, however, is the rubber atomizer, which is used by the florist in his greenhouse for hand spraying plants. This accomplishes much in a short time and secures an even dampness rather than an irregular wetting, the former being, as all ironers know, the desirable condition for successful ironing.

Pickled Peaches.—Take a peck of peaches, ripe, but perfectly firm; peel and throw into cold water to prevent their turning black. For this quantity of fruit take a quart of best cider vinegar and 2 pounds sugar. When this is boiling, take out as many peaches as will boil without crowding; let them stand on a linen towel for a few moments for the water to run off. Stick 2 cloves in each peach, let them boil five minutes, take them out and put them in your glass jars. Put more peaches in the vinegar and continue this until all have been cooked in this way; then pour the sirup over the fruit in the jars, screw on the tops and let them stand a week; then pour off the sirup and scald and skim it and return to the jars boiling hot. Screw the tops on tightly and keep in a dark, cool place. If there should not be sirup enough to cover all the peaches, add some more sugar and vinegar boiling hot.

TO THE WORLD'S FAIR VIA B. & O.

Going via Washington and Returning via Niagara Falls.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has placed on sale at its offices throughout the East excursion tickets to Chicago, good going via Washington and returning via Niagara Falls, with the privilege of stop over at each point. These tickets are valid for return journey until November 15th, and are not restricted to certain trains, but are good on all B. & O. trains, and permit holders to travel via Pittsburgh or via Grafton. By either route passengers cross the Alleghany mountains, 3000 feet above the sea level, amid the most picturesque scenery in America. Sleeping car accommodations may be reserved in advance upon application to nearest B. & O. ticket office.

Summer Excursion Tickets

To all Northern and Eastern seaside, lakeside, and mountain resorts, to Deer Park and Oakland, the Virginia Springs, Niagara Falls, Luray Caverns, Gettysburg and to all other points where people gather in search of health and pleasure, are now on sale at all Baltimore and Ohio ticket offices at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be sold from June 1 to September 30, and are valid for return passage until October 31. Before selecting your route or resort consult B. & O. summer excursion book, in which shortest routes and lowest rates, via "Picturesque B. & O." to all resorts are given from points on that road east of the Ohio River; profusely and artistically illustrated. This book can be procured free of charge upon personal application to ticket agents, B. & O. R. R. Co., or you can have it mailed to you by sending name and address with 10 cents in stamps to Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

THE HARDEST WOOD.—The hardest known wood is cocus wood. It is much used in the manufacture of flutes, clarionets and other instruments. The tone which it produces is rich and powerful. Another very hard wood is that of the desert ironwood tree, which grows in the dry wastes along the line of the Southern Pacific railroad. Its specific gravity is nearly the same as that of lignum vitæ, and it has a black heart so hard, when well seasoned, that it will turn the edge of an axe, and can scarcely be cut by a well-tempered saw.

SOAP AS CURRENCY.—At Queretaro, near Mexico, soap is the currency of the place and a legal tender for payment of debts. The cakes are about the size of the familiar brown Windsor, and are each worth about three farthings. Each cake is stamped with the name of the town in which it is current and that of the person authorized to manufacture and utter it. Soap money of one town is not current in another.

PRIZES ON PATENTS.

HOW TO GET TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

The Winner has a Clear Gift of a Small Fortune, and the Losers Have Patents that may Bring them in Still More.

Would you like to make twenty-five hundred dollars? If you would, read carefully what follows and you may see a way to do it.

The Press Claims Company devotes much attention to patents. It has handled thousands of applications for inventions, but it would like to handle thousands more. There is plenty of inventive talent at large in this country, needing nothing but encouragement to produce practical results. That encouragement the Press Claims Company proposes to give.

NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS.

A patent strikes most people as an appallingly formidable thing. The idea is that an inventor must be a natural genius, like Edison or Bell; that he must devote years to delving in complicated mechanical problems and that he must spend a fortune on delicate experiments before he can get a new device to a patentable degree of perfection. This delusion the company desires to dispel. It desires to get into the head of the public a clear comprehension of the fact that it is not the great, complex, and expensive inventions that bring the best returns to their authors, but the little, simple, and cheap ones—the things that seem so absurdly trivial that the average citizen would feel somewhat ashamed of bringing them to the attention of the Patent Office.

Edison says that the profits he has received from the patents on all his marvellous inventions have not been sufficient to pay the cost of his experiments. But the man who conceived the idea of fastening a bit of rubber cord to a child's ball, so that it would come back to the hand when thrown, made a fortune out of his scheme. The modern sewing-machine is a miracle of ingenuity—the product of the toil of hundreds of busy brains through a hundred and fifty years, but the whole brilliant result rests upon the simple device of putting the eye of the needle at the point instead of at the other end.

THE LITTLE THINGS THE MOST VALUABLE.

Comparatively few people regard themselves as inventors, but almost everybody has been struck, at one time or another, with ideas that seemed calculated to reduce some of the little frictions of life. Usually such ideas are dismissed without further thought.

"Why don't the railroad company make its car windows so that they can be slid up and down without breaking the passengers' backs?" exclaims the traveler. "If I were running the road I would make them in such a way."

"What was the man that made this saucepan thinking of?" grumbles the cook. "He never had to work over a stove, or he would have known how it ought to have been fixed."

"Hang such a collar button!" growls the man who is late for breakfast. "If I were in the business I'd make buttons that wouldn't slip out, or break off, or gouge out the back of my neck."

And then the various sufferers forget about their grievances and begin to think of something else. If they would sit down at the next convenient opportunity, put their ideas about car windows, saucepans, and collar buttons into practical shape, and then apply for patents, they might find themselves as independently wealthy as the man who invented the iron umbrella ring, or the one who patented the fifteen puzzle.

A TEMPTING OFFER.

To induce people to keep track of their bright ideas and see what there is in them, the Press Claims Company has resolved to offer a prize.

To the person who submits to it the simplest and most promising invention, from a commercial point of view, the company will give twenty-five hundred dollars in cash, in addition to refunding the fees for securing the patent.

It will also advertise the invention free of charge.

This offer is subject to the following conditions:

Every competitor must obtain a patent for his invention through the company. He must first apply for a preliminary search, the cost of which will be five dollars. Should this search show his invention to be unpatentable, he can withdraw without further expense. Otherwise he will be expected to complete his application and take out a patent in the regular way. The total expense, including Government and Bureau fees, will be seventy dollars. For this, whether he secures the prize or not, the inventor will have a patent that ought to be a valuable property to him. The prize will be awarded by a jury consisting of three reputable patent attorneys of Washington. Intending competitors should fill out the following blank, and forward it with their application:

"_____, ____, 1893.

"I submit the within described invention in competition for the Twenty-five hundred Dollar Prize offered by the Press Claims Company.

"_____."

NO BLANKS IN THIS COMPETITION.

This is a competition of rather an unusual nature. It is common to offer prizes for the best story, or picture, or architectural plan, all the competitors risking the loss of their labor and the successful one merely selling his for the amount of the prize. But the Press Claims Company's offer is something entirely different. Each person is asked merely to help himself, and the one who helps himself to the best advantage is to be rewarded for doing it. The prize is only a stimulus to do something that would be well worth doing without it. The architect whose competitive plan for a club house on a certain corner is not accepted has spent his labor on something of very little use to him. But the person who patents a simple and useful device in the Press Claims Company's competition, need not worry if he fail to secure the prize. He has a substantial result to show for his work—one that will command its value in the market at any time.

The plain man who uses any article in his daily work ought to know better how to improve it than the mechanical expert who studies it only from the theoretical point of view. Get rid of the idea that an improvement can be too simple to be worth patenting. The simpler the better. The person who best succeeds in combining simplicity and popularity, will get the Press Claims Company's twenty-five hundred dollars.

The responsibility of this company may be judged from the fact that its stock is held by about three hundred of the leading newspapers of the United States.

Address the Press Claims Company, John Wedderburn, managing attorney, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

TOLD OF A PARISIAN DOG.

One day when a Paris tradesman was walking on the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter that if he were to hide a five-franc piece in the dust his dog would discover it and bring it to him.

The wager was accepted, and the coin secreted after being carefully marked.

When the two friends had proceeded some distance from the spot, the tradesman called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek for it.

Caniche immediately turned back, while his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis.

Meanwhile a traveller, who happened just then to be returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding-place.

He alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in the Rue Pont-aux Chaux.

Caniche had just reached the spot in quest of the piece when the stranger picked it up.

He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller.

Having scented out the coin in the pocket of the latter which he had been ordered to bring back, he leaped up incessantly at and about him.

The traveller, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed took him with him to his chamber.

No sooner had he pulled off his trousers than they were seized by the dog. The owner, thinking that the dog wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened. Caniche snatched up the trousers, and off he flew.

The traveller posted after him in his dressing-gown. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold napoleons, of twenty francs each, which was in one of his pockets, gave double velocity to his steps.

Caniche ran at full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a few moments afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him.

"Sir," said the master, "my dog is a faithful creature, and if he has run away with your trousers it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you."

The traveller became still more exasperated.

"Compose yourself, sir," rejoined the other, smiling; "without doubt there is in your purse a five-franc piece, with such and such marks, which you picked up on the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that the dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you."

The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment. He delivered the five-franc piece, which he had deposited in the purse, and complimented the dog which had occasioned him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.

WARMTH.—In ancient times energy of mind and strength of body were supposed to be the effects of warmth, while depression of spirits and bodily weakness were ascribed to cold.

Modern science has explained and modified these theories concerning the production of physical force, but in the main it has confirmed the principle of causation.

In a general sense, it may be said that animal heat, when duly generated within normal limits, is the concomitant of vigor.

Practically, therefore, warmth is to be sought and cold avoided; but with this qualification, that the heat must be elicited by organic processes going on within the body, and not borrowed from without.

The chief, if not the only use of wrappers or warm surroundings is to avoid the loss of animal heat by abstraction. It is neither scientific nor hygienic to trust to the external sources of supply for the warmth we require to live well, happily and usefully.

The food is more than raiment, and those who desire to help the poor and melancholy over their "dead points" in the course of life should be chiefly anxious to feed them well and sufficiently.

So in the management of self—to live well is to feed appropriately. Stimulants do not give strength, because they cannot add to the normal and healthy sources of animal heat. Nutriment is the only true fuel.

MRS. TITTLE.—Did you have a good time at the sewing circle this afternoon? Mrs. Tattle—No, a miserable time; it was awfully dull. Mrs. Tittle—Wasn't anything said about how Mrs. Blazer has been carrying on? Mrs. Tattle—No; she was mean enough to be there herself, and of course the pleasure we had all looked forward to was spoiled. Strange how people can be so selfish.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

PATENTS

Caveats, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyrights,

And all Patent business conducted for

MODERATE FEES.

Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address

PRESS CLAIMS CO.,
JOHN WEDDERBURN,
Managing Attorney,

P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

☞This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of **protecting their subscribers** against unscrupulous and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper printing this advertisement vouches for the responsibility and high standing of the Press Claims Company.

"AND so you are not married yet?" "No." "Engaged?" "No." "Expect to be?" "No." "What's the matter?" "Well, papa says that my husband must be a keen and experienced man, of good health and good habits; mamma says that he must be frugal, industrious, attentive, and moral; and I say that he must be handsome, dashing, talented, and rich. We are still looking for him."

TO PLAY MUSIC

WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE

PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, U. S. taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE PORTRAITS and FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph of yourself, or any member of your family. Living or dead, and we will make you from it an enlarged Portrait, with frame complete, absolutely free of charge. This offer is made in order to introduce our new Portraits and Frames in your vicinity. Put your name and address on back of photos, and send it to NATIONAL PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 251 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Refer you to any banks in this city.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Great-est City. First location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 200 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $400 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

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WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

ADDRESS A LETTER OR POSTAL CARD TO

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,

JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,

P. O. Box 463. Washington, D. C.

Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now **partially** or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if **now** dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows **not** dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death **was** due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier **left neither widow nor child,** provided soldier **died in service, or from effects of service,** and they are **now dependent** upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for **higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.**

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $6 to $10 per month under **the old law** are entitled to **higher rates** under **new law,** not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, whether due to service or not.

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in **regular army** or navy **since the war are also** entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the **Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee** and **Seminole** or **Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.**

Mexican War soldiers and their widows **also entitled,** if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

Send for laws and information. No charge for advice. **No fee unless successful.** Address,

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,

JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,

P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

A RICH CUT!

CUT IT OUT, IT MAY SAVE YOU!

You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. Possibly you may be correct, but PROBABLY you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic.

TO THE CLERGY OF AMERICA:—

Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

MY FIRST OFFER.

I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10.00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $15.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

MY SECOND OFFER.

I will send five ninety-day treatments of $20.00 each for a draft for $60.00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

These offers must not lead to the supposition that I slam the gate of Hope in the faces of the rest, but some cases have taken four and six months and even a year before there was any well defined noticeable change for the better that were afterward cured. This is especially applicable to elderly people suffering from chronic cases of long standing.

This offer is made exclusively to clergymen and any other orders or offers, UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY REMITTANCE OF EITHER $10.00 OR $20.00, FOR A ONE OR THREE MONTH'S HOME TREATMENT RESPECTIVELY, will not be noticed.

Among the hundreds of testimonials received, the following from one of the responsible department chiefs in the New York Central R. R. system is to the point:

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Union Stock Yard and Market Company,
Room 8, Grand Central Depot.
A. T. THOMAS, Treasurer.
New York, ———, 1892.

"DEAR SIR:—

"I have refrained from saying anything concerning your Bi-Ozone Cure until a thorough test of its effects had been made.

"Having used it daily for three months, I think I am now in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. A case of bronchitis and bronchial asthma is not to be cured in a day or a month, and I have not expected it, but I take great pleasure in assuring you that both have so much improved that I shall continue the use of Bi-Ozone, feeling satisfied that a permanent cure is only a question of a short time longer.

"A noticeable feature in the effect of the remedy is a greatly improved condition of general health and remarkable immunity from ordinary colds.

"Bronchial and asthmatic troubles usually have attendant catarrhal conditions. I am happy to say the latter is as much improved as the former, and with the gradual removal of bronchitis the catarrh is disappearing also.

"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public; it richly deserves it.

"A. T. THOMAS, Grand Central Depot.

"Dec., 18, '92."

"To N. HELMER Esq., 12th St. and B'way."

N. HELMER, Chemist, 923 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

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Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 516 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Humorous.

EVOLUTION.

At eight they called him Willie;
  At twelve they called him Will;
At sixteen he was Billy;
  At twenty just plain Bill.
His mother "Willied" him always,
  Her strong love to evince;
His father willed him nothing,
  And he's been billed ever since.

—U. N. Nose.

A Sweet Samaritan.

Small boy: "Oh, mamma, this poor old gentleman says he hasn't had a thing to eat for eight months, so I've invited him home to lunch with us."

With might and mane—The lion.

Always in fashion—The letter F.

A leading article—A blind man's dog.

Saving time—Rescuing the clock from the fire.

A hard thing to beat—A drum with a hole in it.

A man may not have a stitch to his back, but still have one in his side.

Jones: "I say, Miss Brown, how is it that you are always out when I call?" She: "Oh, just luck."

She: "Do you think there will be any men in heaven?" He: "No; they prefer to go where they can smoke."

"Why did Juggins go abroad so suddenly?" "His best girl threw him over." "Mercy! What a long throw!"

"You say you are a school teacher and yet have no summer vacation; how is that?" "I'm a swimming school teacher."

She, severely: "When was the first time you were drunk?" He: "When you intoxicated me with your charms." And all is forgiven now.

"Why don't you get a good cat if your house is really overrun with rats?" "I've got a better scheme than that. I'm going to engage a Chinese cook."

"I guess the day for me to be on top is past," soliloquized the battered Derby hat in the ash-barrel; "but even now I am no slouch and never will be."

Colt: "Why this sadness, mommer? why those tears?" Mrs. Horse: "Ah, my son! 'Tis great trouble I have. Your father ran off with a woman this morning."

He: "A widow? When did her husband die?" She: "Last week." He: "But she is in half-mourning." She: "Yes; it has come so light that he had another wife in Chicago."

"You seem to have a good deal of faith in doctors," said the friend of the sick man. "I have," was the reply; "a doctor would be foolish to let a good customer like me die."

Miss Bell, warningly: "Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I did not leave coffee alone it would make me foolish." Sally, who owes her one: "Well, why didn't you?"

"How much?" asked a newly-made groom of a Camden clergyman. "Well, I am allowed $2 by the law," replied the dominie. "Well," said the groom, "that ain't much. Here's 50 cents—that'll make $2.50 altogether."

Vera, a bright little tot of four years, had been sitting for some time in a cramped position, playing with her doll, and getting up made the startling assertion "that her foot was so sound asleep she could hear it snore."

Mrs. Frontepew: "I don't see why our pastor should be so continually urging upon the congregation the necessity of loving one another." Frontepew: "Humph! Every marriage ceremony he performs brings him at least five dollars."

Pullman car porter: "I think that fellow up there with the girl must be newly-married. Conductor: "Why?" Porter: "Well, he tipped me soon after he got on the car and asked me to let him know whenever we were approaching a tunnel."

Benevolent gentleman: "My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful Sabbath afternoon than by standing in front of the gate idling away your time?" Boy: "I ain't idling away my time. There's a chump inside with my sister who is paying me a quarter an hour to watch for pop."

MARRIAGES IN CANADA.—The chief social event of the lives of Canadian peasants is a wedding—almost the only set occasion for festivities. The priest then permits dancing among relatives, and allows unusual expenses to be incurred. Courtship is very short and circumspect. It generally lasts but a few months. Engagements are made very much after the pecuniary interests followed in France, and the marriages generally occur at from eighteen to twenty-two years of age.

A widower recently went to spend an evening with a neighbor, whose sister was an old maid whom no one had thought of marrying. When he left the house her brother suggested that he should marry her. They returned to the house, and went together to her bed in one corner of her room, and woke her up. Holding the candle up to his face, he said:

"Mdlle. G., take a good look at me; I'm rather older than I look by candlelight; I've nine small children, and not a great deal of land. Will you marry me?"

She rubbed her eyes, still half asleep, looked him over for a moment, and said:

"Yes."

"Then be ready next Tuesday."

In another case, the day after the banns of marriage had been published, the intended found his betrothed crying by the window.

"What's the matter, Maria?"

"Well, Baptiste, my sister Louise wants very much to marry, because she's older, and it's her turn first. And it makes me sad to see her disappointed. Now, if you would only marry her! Everything is ready, you know, and it would be such a relief."

"Well, well, don't cry about that," said he, with a moment's surprise. "I don't mind if I do. Go and tell her to get ready."

DIFFERENCE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—Schoolmaster (to his wife): "My dear, I wish you would speak more carefully: you say that Henry Jones came to this town from Sunderland."

Wife: "Yes."

Schoolmaster: "Well, now, wouldn't it be better to say that he came from Sunderland to this town?"

Wife: "I don't see any difference in the two expressions."

Schoolmaster: "But there is a difference—a rhetorical difference. You don't hear me make use of such awkward expressions. By-the-way, I have a letter from your father in my pocket."

Wife: "But my father is not in your pocket. You mean you have in your pocket a letter from my father."

Schoolmaster: "There you go with your little quibbles. You take a delight in harassing me. You are always taking up a thread and representing it as a rope."

Wife: "Representing it to be rope, you mean."

Schoolmaster: "For goodness sake, be quiet. Never saw such a quarrelsome woman in my life."

HIS EXCELLENCY'S DECISION.—Some years ago a quondam brigand chief was raised to the presidency of Bolivia. He was noted for his long, shaggy hair and beard, on which he never bestowed the slightest pains.

On the day of his election he had to attend mass in obedience to the usual custom, and a barber was called in to comb and dress the matted hair and beard of his excellency.

When the tedious and painful operation was over an official came in to inform his excellency that there was a criminal sentenced to death and awaiting execution, but that it was customary for a newly-elected president to commute the sentence into a lighter one.

"Well and what other punishment am I to give him?" inquired the president, still smarting from the recent operation.

"Whatever your excellency may please."

"Then let him have his hair combed and have done with it," was the reply.

THINGS TO KNOW.—That mahogany furniture should be washed with warm water and soap, then given an application of beeswax and sweet oil with a soft cloth and polished with chamois to a rich finish.

The dust and the marks of children's fingers can be removed from windows by rubbing with a sponge which has been dipped in ammonia and water.

That housecleaning should not be begun until the furnace pipes can be taken down.

That the odor of onions left on the hands after peeling may be removed by rubbing the hands with celery or mustard.

That spirits of camphor applied with flannel cloth will remove unsightly white spots from furniture.

The Columbian stamps are really steel engravings, and form the third special issue of stamps in the country. The first of these was a 15-cent stamp representing the landing of Columbus, which was issued in 1869, and the second commemorated the 1876 Centennial by a souvenir envelope, with a shield-shaped three-cent stamp in the corner, having at the top the figures 1776 and at the bottom 1876.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
J. LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Bright's Disease

and all other stubborn complaints of the Kidneys, Liver, and Stomach, can be cured by the great mineral specific,

Bedford Water.

Bottled just as it flows from the spring, absolutely pure and unadulterated. Prescribed by the eminent physicians of the day, and every day growing more popular. Sold by druggists.

A beautiful book of interesting facts mailed free.

BEDFORD MINERAL SPRINGS CO., BEDFORD, PA.

Trade supplied at 1004 Walnut St.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect May 14, 1893.

LEAVE MARKET STREET STATION.

Buffalo Day Express (Parlor Car)	9.00 a m
World's Fair Flyer, through Sleeper to Chicago	12.20 p m
Chicago and Buffalo Express, with through Sleeper	7.00 p m
Boston Express (through Sleeper)	7.00 p m
Western Night Express, through Sleeper to Buffalo and Chicago	9.00 p m
Rochester Express	9.00 a m, 12.20, 7.00, 9.00 p m

Above trains run daily.

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.30, 4.20, 5.15, 6.37, 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays 4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57 p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 3.30, 5.15, 6.37, 8.35 (dining car), p m 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 7.55, 9.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 3.45, 4.30, 5.30, 6.25, 7.00, 9.00 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 6.27, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 2.50, 7.00, 9.00 p m, and Bethlehem only, 9.05 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

4.12 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

9.07 a m for Reading and way points.

10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

11.05 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

4.22 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

5.30 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

8 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m daily, sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—8 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg, Shippensburg and Gettysburg.

6.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.05 a m, Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shippensburg, Gettysburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

11.05 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

3.40 p m for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 8.00 a m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 5.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 4.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 5.45 and 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.30 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 8.00 8.30 a m, 11.00 a m, 3.30, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 7.00, 4.30 p m. Blackwood and Gibbsboro, 8.30, 8.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m and 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, and South Third street, and 13 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service, Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

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I. A. SWEIGARD, General Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

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